

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 3986.—VOL. CXLVII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America



THE GUIGNOL AT THE FRONT: FRENCH SOLDIERS PERFORMING A PUPPET-PLAY FOR THEIR COMRADES.

Resting behind the trenches, the French soldier likes nothing better than to see a "show" of some kind: hence amateur theatricals and the Guignol. The Guignol may be called a particular favourite, and this is not surprising, for it is a very French institution; although, of course, it is related to our own Punch and Judy and the Marionettes

of this and many another country. That extraordinary dictionary Larousse is as truthful as ever when it says: "Guignol (théâtre de): a marionette theatre, in the open air, for little children of both sexes, which also gives the greatest pleasure to grown-ups of all ages."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN.

Scenes of War: At Grips.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

ARTILLERY.

I HAVE before referred to the apparent vagueness and casualness of war on its present scarcely conceivable scale. When you are with a Staff Officer, you see almost everything. I doubt not that certain matters are hidden from you; but, broadly speaking, you do see all that is to be seen. Into the mind of the General, which conceals the strategy that is to make history, of course you cannot peer. The General is full of interesting talk about the past and about the present, but about the future he breathes no word. If he is near the centre of the front he will tell you blandly, in answer to your question, that a great movement may not improbably be expected at the wings. If he is at either of the wings he will tell you blandly that a great movement may not improbably be

fragment cannot be fitted together. Why, I have stood in the first-line trench itself and heard a fusillade all round me, and yet have seen nothing and understood nothing of the action.

ARMIES IN MOVEMENT.

It is the same with the movements of troops. For example, I slept in a small town behind the front, and I was wakened up—not, as often, by an aeroplane—but by a tremendous shaking and throbbing of the hotel. This went on for a long time, from just after dawn till about six o'clock, when it stopped, only to recommence after a few minutes. I got up, and found that, in addition to the hotel, the whole town was shaking and throbbing. A regiment was passing through it in auto-buses. Each auto-bus held about thirty men, and the vehicles rattled after one another at a distance of at most thirty yards. The auto-buses were painted the colour of battle-ships, and were absolutely uniform except that some had permanent and some only temporary roofs, and some had mica windows and some only holes in the sides. All carried the same number of soldiers, and in all the rifles were stacked in precisely the same fashion. When one auto-bus stopped, all stopped, and the soldiers waved and smiled to girls at windows and in the street. The entire town had begun its day. No matter how early you arise in these towns, the town has always begun its day.

The soldiers in their pale-blue uniforms were young, lively, high-spirited, and very dusty; their moustaches, hair, and ears were noticeably coated with dust. Evidently they had been travelling for hours. The auto-buses kept appearing out of the sun-shot dust-cloud at the end of the town, and disappearing round the curve by the Town Hall. Occasionally an officer's automobile, or a car with a couple of nurses, would intervene momentarily; and then more and more and more auto-buses, and still more. The impression given is that the entire French Army is passing through the town. The rattle and the throbbing and the shaking get on my nerves. At last come two breakdown-vans, and the procession is finished. I cannot believe that it is really finished, but it is; and the silence is incredible. . . . Well, I have seen only a couple of regiments go by. Out of the hundreds of regiments in the French Army, just two! But whence they had come, what they had done, whither they were travelling, what they were intended to do—nobody could tell me. They had an air as casual and vague and aimless as a flight of birds across a landscape.

There were more picturesque pilgrimages than that. One of the most picturesque and touching spectacles I saw at the front was the march of a regiment of the line into another little country town on a very fine summer morning. First came the regimental band. The brass instruments were tarnished; the musicians had all sorts of paper packages tied to their knapsacks. Besides being musicians they were real soldiers, in war-stained uniforms. They marched with an air of fatigue. But the tune they played was bright enough. Followed some cyclists, keeping pace with the marchers. Then an officer on a horse. Then companies of the regiment. The stocks of many of the rifles were wrapped in dirty rags. Every man carried all that was his in the campaign, including a pair of field-glasses. Every man was piled up with impedimenta—broken, torn, soiled and cobbled impedimenta. And every man was very, very tired. A young officer on foot could scarcely walk. He moved in a kind of trance, and each step was difficult. He may have been half asleep. At intervals a triangular sign was borne aloft—red, blue, or some other tint. These signs indicated the positions of the different companies in the trenches. (Needless to say that the regiment had come during the night from a long spell of the trenches—but what trenches?) Then came the gorgeous regimental colours, and every soldier in the street saluted them, and every civilian raised his hat.

I noticed more and more that the men were exhausted, were at the limit of their endurance. Then passed a group which was quite fresh. A Red Cross detachment! No doubt they had had very little to do. After them a few horses, grey and white; and then field-kitchens and equipment-carts. And then a machine-gun on a horse's back; others in carts; pack-mules with ammunition-boxes; several more machine-gun sections. And then more field-kitchens. In one of these the next meal was actually preparing, and steam rose from under a great iron lid. On every cart was a spare wheel for emergencies; the hub of every wheel was plaited round with straw; the harness was partly of leather and partly of rope ending in iron hooks. Later came a long Red Cross van, and after it another field-kitchen encumbered with bags and raw meat and strange oddments, and through the interstices of the pile, creeping among bags and raw meat, steam gently mounted, for a meal was maturing in that perambulating kitchen also. Lastly, came a cart full of stretchers and field-hospital apparatus. The regiment, its music still faintly audible, had gone by—self-contained, self-supporting. There was no showiness of a review, but the normal functioning, the actual dailiness,

of a line regiment as it lives strenuously in the midst of war. My desire was that the young officer in a trance should find a good bed instantly. The whole thing was fine; it was pathetic; and, above all, it was mysterious. What was the part of that regiment in the gigantic tactics of Joffre?

THE CONSTANT WATCH.

However, after a short experience at the front one realises that though the conduct of the campaign may be mysterious, it is neither vague nor casual. I remember penetrating through a large factory into a small village which constituted one of the latest French conquests. An officer who had seen the spot just after it was taken, and before it was "organised," described to me the appearance of the men with their sunken eyes and blackened skins on the day of victory. They were all very cheerful when I saw them; but how alert, how apprehensive, how watchful! I felt that I was in a place where anything might happen at any moment. The village and the factory were a maze of trenches, redoubts, caves, stairs up and stairs down. Machine-guns, barbed wire, enfolding devices were all ready. When we climbed to an attic-floor to look at the German positions, which were not fifty yards away, the Commandant was in a fever till we came down again, lest the Germans might spy us and shell his soldiers. He did not so much mind them shelling us, but he objected to them shelling his men. We came down the damaged stairs in safety.

A way had been knocked longitudinally through a whole row of cottages. We went along this—it was a lane of watchful figures—and then it was whispered to us not to talk, for the Germans might hear! And we peered into mines and burrowed and crawled. We disappeared into long subterranean passages and emerged among a lot of soldiers gaily eating as they stood. Close by were a group of men practising with hand-grenades made harmless for the occasion. I followed the Commandant round a corner, and we gazed at I forget what. "Don't stay here," said the Commandant. I moved away. A second after I had moved a bullet struck the wall where I had been standing. The entire atmosphere of the place, with its imminent sense of danger from an invisible enemy and fierce expectation of damaging that enemy, brought home to me the grand essential truth of the front, namely, that the antagonists are continually at grips, like wrestlers, and straining every muscle to obtain the slightest advantage. "Casual" would be the very last adjective to apply to those activities.

Once, after a roundabout tour on foot, one of the Staff Captains ordered an automobile to meet us at the end of a certain road. Part of this road was exposed to German artillery four or five miles off. No sooner had the car come down the road than we heard the fearsome



PRACTISING: A FRENCH MARINE WHO IS A CRACK REVOLVER SHOT

expected at the centre. You are not disappointed at his attitude, because you feel when putting them that such questions as yours deserve such answers as his. But you are assuredly disappointed at not being able to comprehend even the present—what is going on around you, under your eyes, deafening your ears.

For example, I hear the sound of guns. I do not mean the general sound of guns, which is practically continuous round the horizon, but the particular sound of some specific group of guns. I ask about them. Sometimes even Staff Officers may hesitate before deciding whether they are enemy guns or French guns. As a rule, the civilian distinguishes an enemy shot by the sizzling, affrighting sound of the projectile as it rushes through the air towards him; whereas the French projectile, rushing away from him, is out of hearing before the noise of the gun's explosion has left his ears. But I may be almost equidistant between a group of German and a group of French guns.

When I have learnt what the guns are and their calibre, and, perhaps, even their approximate situation on the large-scale Staff map, I am not much nearer the realisation of them. Actually to find them might be half a day's work, and when I have found them I have simply found several pieces of mechanism each hidden in a kind of hut, functioning quite privately and disconnectedly by the aid of a few perspiring men. The affair is not like shooting at anything. A polished missile is shoved into the gun. . . . A horrid bang—the missile has disappeared, has simply gone. Where it has gone, what it has done, nobody in the hut seems to care. There is a telephone close by, but only numbers and formulae—and perhaps an occasional rebuke—come out of the telephone, in response to which the perspiring men make minute adjustments in the gun or in the next missile.

Of the target I am absolutely ignorant, and so are the perspiring men. I am free to go forth and look for the target. It is pointed out to me. It may be a building or a group of buildings; it may be something else. At best, it is nothing but a distant spot on a highly complex countryside. I see a faint puff of smoke, seemingly, as harmless as a feather momentarily floating. And I think: Can any reasonable person expect that those men with that noisy contrivance in the enclosed hut away back shall plant a mass of metal into that far-off tiny red patch of masonry lost in the vast landscape? And, even if by chance they do, for what reason has that particular patch been selected? What influence could its destruction have on the mighty course of the struggle? . . . Thus it is that war seems vague and casual, because a mere fragment of it defeats the imagination, and the bits of even the



"ONCE A NEAT, CLEAN, SCIENTIFIC GERMAN EARTHWORK": FRENCH SOLDIERS, WEARING STEEL SHRAPNEL-PROOF HELMETS, IN A GERMAN TRENCH THEY HAD JUST CAPTURED.

Photograph by Wyndham.

sizzling of an approaching shell. We saw the shell burst before the sound of the sizzling had ceased. Then came the roar of the explosion. The shell was a 77-mm. high-explosive. It fell out of nowhere on the road. The German artillery methodically searched the exposed portion of the road for about half-an-hour. The shells dropped on it or close by it at intervals of two minutes,

and they were planted at even distances of about a hundred yards up and down the slope. I watched the operation from a dug-out close by. It was an exact and a rather terrifying operation. It showed that the invisible Germans were letting nothing whatever go by; but it did seem to me to be a fine waste of ammunition, and a very stupid application of a scientific ideal; for while shelling it the Germans must have noticed that there was nothing at all on the road. We naturally decided not to go up that road in the car, but to skulk through a wood and meet the car in a place of safety. The car had, sooner or later, to go up the road, because there was not another road. The Commandant who was with us was a very seasoned officer, and he regarded all military duties as absolute duties. The car must return along that road. Therefore, let it go. The fact that it was a car serving solely for the convenience of civilians did not influence him. It was a military car, driven by a soldier.

"You may as well go at once," he said to the chauffeur. "We will assist at your agony. . . . What do you say?" he laughingly questioned a subordinate.

"Ah! My Commandant," said the junior officer cautiously, "when it is a question of the service—"

We should naturally have protested against the chauffeur adventuring upon the shell-swept road for our convenience; but he was diplomatic enough to postpone the journey. After a time the shelling ceased, and he passed in safety. He told us when we met him later for the drive home that there were five large holes in the road.

On another occasion, when we were tramping through interminable communication-trenches on a slope, a single rash exposure of two of our figures above the parapet of the trench drew down upon us a bombardment of high-explosive. For myself, I was completely exhausted by the excursion, which was nearing its end, and also I was faint from hunger. But immediately the horrible sizzling sound overhead and an explosion just in front made it plain to me that we were to suffer for a moment's indiscretion, I felt neither fatigue nor hunger. The searching shells fell nearer to us. We ran in couples, with a fair distance between each couple, according to instructions, along the rough, sinuous inequalities of the deep trench. After each visitation we had to lie still and count five till all the fragments of shell had come to rest. At last a shell seemed to drop right upon me. The earth shook under me. My eyes and nose were affected by the fumes of the explosion. But the shell had not dropped right upon me. It had dropped a few yards to the left. A trench is a wonderful contrivance. Immediately afterwards, a friend picked up in the trench one of the warm shots of the charge. It was a many-faceted ball, beautifully made, and calculated to produce the maximum wound. This was the last shell to fall. We were safe. But we realised once again, and more profoundly, that there is nothing casual in the conduct of war.

NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE.

At no place was the continuously intense character of the struggle—like that of two leviathan wrestlers ever straining their hardest at grips—more effectually brought home to me than in the region known now familiarly to the whole world as Notre Dame de Lorette, from the little chapel that stood on one part of it. An exceedingly ugly little chapel it was, according to the picture-postcards. There are thousands of widows and orphans wearing black and regretting the past and trembling about the future to-day simply because the invaders had to be made to give up that religious edifice which they had turned to other uses.

The high, thickly wooded land behind the front was very elaborately organised for living either above ground or underground, according to the circumstances of the day. To describe the organisation would be impolitic. But it included every dodge. And the stores, entombed in safety, comprised all things. I remember, for example, stacks of hundreds of lamp-chimneys. Naught lacked to the completeness of the scene of war. There were even prisoners. I saw two young Germans under guard in a cabin. They said that they had got lost in the labyrinth of trenches, and taken a wrong turning. And I believe they had. One was a Red Cross man—probably a medical student before, with wine and song and boastings, he joined his Gott, his Kaiser, and his comrades in the great mission of civilisation across Belgium. He was dusty and tired, and he looked gloomily at the earthen floor of the cabin. Nevertheless, he had a good carriage and a passably intelligent face, and he was rather handsome. I sympathised with this youth, and I do not think that he was glad to be a prisoner. Some people can go and stare at prisoners, and wreak an idle curiosity upon them. I cannot. A glance, rather surreptitious, and I must walk away. Their humiliation humiliates me, even be they Prussians of the most offensive variety.

A little later we saw another prisoner being brought in—a miserable, tuberculous youth with a nervous trick

of the face, thin, very dirty, enfeebled, worn out; his uniform torn, stained, bullet-pierced, and threadbare. Somebody had given him a large hunk of bread, which he had put within the lining of his tunic; it bulged out in front like a paunch. An officer stopped to question him, and while the cross-examination was proceeding a curious hunting soldier came up behind and cut a button off the tunic. We learnt that the lad was twenty-one years of age, and that he had been called up in December 1914. Before assisting in the conquest of France he was employed in a paper factory. He tried to exhibit gloom, but it was impossible for him quite to conceal his satisfaction in the fact that for him the fighting was over. The wretched boy had had just about enough of world-domination, and he was ready to let the Hohenzollerns and Junkers finish up the enterprise as best they could without his aid. No doubt, some woman was his mother. It appeared to me that he could not live long, and that the woman in question might never see him again. But every ideal must have its victims; and bereavement, which counts chief among the well-known advantageous moral disciplines of war, is, of course, good for a woman's soul. Besides, that woman would be convinced that her son died gloriously in defence of an attacked Fatherland.

When we had got clear of prisoners and of the innumerable minor tools of war, we came to something essential—namely, a map. This map, which was shown to us rather casually in the middle of a wood, was a very big map, and by means of different coloured chalks it displayed the ground taken from the Germans month by month. The yellow line showed the advance up to May; the blue line showed the further advance up to June; and fresh marks in red showed graphically a further wrestling

ranked weeds refused to sprout in the perfect desolation. And this was the incomparable soil of France. The trenches meandered for miles through the pitted brown slopes, and nothing could be seen from them but vast encumbrances of barbed wire. Knotted metal heaped on the unyielding earth!

The solitude of the communication-trenches was appalling, and the continuous roar of the French seventy-fives over our heads did not alleviate it. In the other trenches, however, was much humanity, some of it sleeping in deep, obscure retreats, but most of it acutely alive and interested in everything. A Captain with a shabby uniform and a strong Southern accent told us how on March 9 he and his men defended their trench in water up to the waist and lumps of ice in it knocking against their bodies.

"I was summoned to surrender," he laughed. "I did not surrender. We had twenty killed and twenty-four with frost-bitten feet as a result of that affair. Yes—March 9."

March 9, 1915, obviously divided that officer's life into two parts, and not unnaturally!

A little further on we might hear an officer speaking somewhat ardently into a telephone—

"What are they doing with that gun? They are shooting all over the shop. Tell them exactly—"

Still a little further on, and another officer would lead us to a spot where we could get glimpses of the plain. What a plain! Pit-heads, superb vegetation, and ruined villages—tragic villages illustrating the glories and the transcendent commonsense of war and invasion. That place over there is Souchez—familiar in all mouths from Arkansas to Moscow for six months past. What an object! Look at St. Eloi! Look at Angres! Look at Neuville St. Vaast! And look at Ablain St. Nazaire, the nearest of all! The village of Ablain St. Nazaire seems to consist now chiefly of exposed and blackened rafters; what is left of the church sticks up precisely like a little bleached bone. A vision horrible and incredible in the immense luxuriance of the plain! The French have got Ablain St. Nazaire. We may go to Ablain St. Nazaire ourselves if we will accept the risks of shelling. Soldiers were seriously wounded there on that very day, for we saw them being carried therefrom on stretchers towards the motor-ambulance and the hospital.

After more walking of a very circuitous nature, I noticed a few bricks in the monotonous expanse of dwarf earth-mounds made by shells. "Hello!" I said. "Was there a cottage here?" No! What I had discovered was the illustrious chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette.

Then we were in a German trench which the French had taken and transformed into one of their own trenches by turning its face. It had a more massive air than the average French trench, and its cellarage, if I may use this civilian word, was deeper than that of any French trench. The officers said that often a German trench was taken before the men resting in those profound sleeping-holes could get to the surface, and

that therefore they only emerged in order to be killed or captured. After more heavy trudging we came to trenches abandoned by the Germans and not employed by the French, as the front had moved far beyond them. The sides were dilapidated. Old shirts, bits of uniform, ends of straps, damaged field-glass cases, broken rifles, useless grenades lay all about. Here and there was a puddle of greenish water. Millions of flies, many of a sinister bright burnished green, were busily swarming. The forlornness of these trenches was heartrending. It was the most dreadful thing that I saw at the front, surpassing the forlornness of any destroyed village whatsoever. And at intervals in the ghastly residue of war arose a smell unlike any other smell. . . . A leg could be seen sticking out of the side of the trench. We smelt a number of these smells, and saw a number of these legs. Each leg was a fine leg, well-clad, and superbly shod in almost new boots with nail-protected soles. Each leg was a human leg attached to a human body, and at the other end of the body was presumably a face crushed in the earth. Two strokes with a pick, and the corpses might have been excavated and decently interred. But not one had been touched. Buried in frenzied haste by amateur, imperilled grave-diggers with a military purpose, these dead men decayed at leisure amid the scrap-heap, the cess-pit, the infernal squalor which once had been a neat, clean, scientific German earthwork, and which still earlier had been part of a fair countryside. The French had more urgent jobs on hand than the sepulture of these victims of a caste and an ambition. So they liquefied into corruption in their everlasting boots, proving that there is nothing like leather. They were a symbol. With alacrity we left them to get forward to the alert, straining life of war.

[The Fifth of this Series will be given next week.]



"A RELIGIOUS EDIFICE . . . TURNED TO OTHER USES": ALL THAT REMAINS OF A CHURCH IN THE ARGONNE.

Photographic Service of the French Armies.

which had occurred only in the previous night. The blue line was like the mark of a tide on a chart; in certain places it had nearly surrounded a German position, and shortly the Germans would have to retire from that position or be cut off. Famous names abounded on that map—such as Souchez, Ablain St. Nazaire, St. Eloi, Fonds de Buval. Being on a very large scale, the map covered a comparatively small section of the front; but, so far as it went, it was a map to be gazed upon with legitimate pride.

The officers regarded it proudly. Eagerly they indicated where the main pressures were, and where new pressures would come later. Their very muscles seemed to be strained in the ardour of their terrific intention to push out and destroy the invader. While admitting, as all the officers I met admitted, the great military qualities of the enemy, they held towards him a more definitely contemptuous attitude than I could discover elsewhere. "When the Boches attack us," said one of them, "we drive them back to their trench, and we take that trench. Thus we advance." But, for them, there was Boche and Boche. It was the Bavarians whom they most respected. They deemed the Prussians markedly inferior as fighters to the Bavarians. The Prussians would not hold firm when seriously menaced. The Prussians, in a word, would not "stick it." Such was the unanimous verdict here.

Out beyond the wood, on the hillside, in the communication-trenches and other trenches, we were enabled to comprehend the true significance of that phrase uttered so carelessly by newspaper-readers—Notre Dame de Lorette. The whole of the ground was in heaps. There was no spot, literally, on which a shell had not burst. Vegetation was quite at an end. The shells seemed to have sterilised the earth. There was not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of any sort, not a root. Even the

THE DEATH OF PÉGOUD: THE TRAGIC FATE OF THE FIRST AIRMAN TO "LOOP-THE-LOOP."

FACSIMILE DRAWING BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR

SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



WITH ONE OF THE TWO GERMAN AVIATIKS, WHICH HE ATTACKED SINGLE-HANDED, VOLPLANING DOWN TO SEE IF HE WAS DEAD: PÉGOUD LYING AMID THE WRECKAGE OF HIS MONOPLANE.

In sending us his drawing, "The Death of Pégoud," Mr. Frederic Villiers gives the following account of the tragic event, which took place near Belfort on August 31: "M. Pégoud, the morning of his death, in a light monoplane attacked two Aviatiks armed with machine-guns. In the conflict Pégoud was shot through the heart, and his machine fell into a clover-field. One of the Aviatiks volplaned down to a few hundred feet to see that the famous French aviator was dead, and then made off. The first to reach the dead body were peasant women and children, with one old man working in the fields. My friend was the first official to reach the spot, and he was good enough to give me the details of this sketch. Pégoud wore a leather cap and wolf-skin coat. He was dead long before he reached the ground. On examination it was found he had been shot through the heart." In another description of Pégoud's last fight it was stated to have taken place about 3000 feet up. The road in the background leads (towards the left) to Petit Croix. The extreme left of the drawing is in the direction of Montreux-Châteaux and the right in that of Cunetières. French shrapnel-shells are seen bursting in the air round the two German aeroplanes. Adolphe

Pégoud was the pioneer of upside-down flight, and the first airman to "loop-the-loop." He had done brilliant service in the war and brought down six of the enemy's aeroplanes, although they usually carried an observer to work the machine-gun, besides the pilot, while Pégoud always flew alone. He had received both the Legion of Honour and the Military Medal. It was only in February 1913 that he took his pilot's certificate. That year he made a daring parachute-descent from a monoplane, first flew upside-down at Buc on September 1, and on September 25 first "looped-the-loop." He had served five years in Morocco as a cavalryman in the Chasseurs d'Afrique. The official French account of his death stated: "In the course of a plucky fight yesterday morning over Petit Croix, Second Lieutenant Pégoud met with a glorious death. The airman, who was alone in his aeroplane, made a daring attack on a German machine, upon which he fired, emptying several belts of ammunition in his machine-gun. He was himself hit by a bullet which killed him instantaneously. The machine fell to the ground within our lines."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BELGIUM'S HERO-KING VISITS THE FRENCH ARMY: KING

PHOTOGRAPHS

ALBERT WITH GENERAL JOFFRE AND THE PRESIDENT.

BY S. D'A.



A BELGIAN HONOUR FOR A FRENCH GENERAL: KING ALBERT WATCHES THE FASTENING OF A RIBBON ROUND THE RECIPIENT'S NECK—WHILE M. POINCARÉ (ON THE LEFT) LOOKS ON.



AFTER THE FRENCH PRESIDENT HAD GIVEN A REGIMENT GENERAL JOFFRE, KING



NEW COLOURS: SALUTING THE FLAGS—A GROUP INCLUDING ALBERT, AND M. POINCARÉ.



THE NATIONAL HEROES OF FRANCE AND BELGIUM IN CONVERSATION WITH EACH OTHER: GENERAL JOFFRE (ON THE LEFT) TALKING TO KING ALBERT.



THE BELGIAN MONARCH PERSONALLY DECORATING A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH COMMANDER: KING ALBERT CONFERRING HONOUR UPON GENERAL D'URBAL.



THE PARTY LEAVING A FRENCH CHATEAU AFTER DEJEUNER—SEEN BEHIND AND



KING ALBERT WITH PRESIDENT POINCARÉ; GENERAL JOFFRE BETWEEN THEM.



THE PRESENTATION OF REGIMENTAL COLOURS BY THE PRESIDENT: GENERAL JOFFRE, M. MILLERAND, KING ALBERT,



A GROUP INCLUDING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN THE CENTRE) GENERAL JOFFRE, M. MILLERAND, KING ALBERT, AND M. POINCARÉ (HOLDING A FLAG).



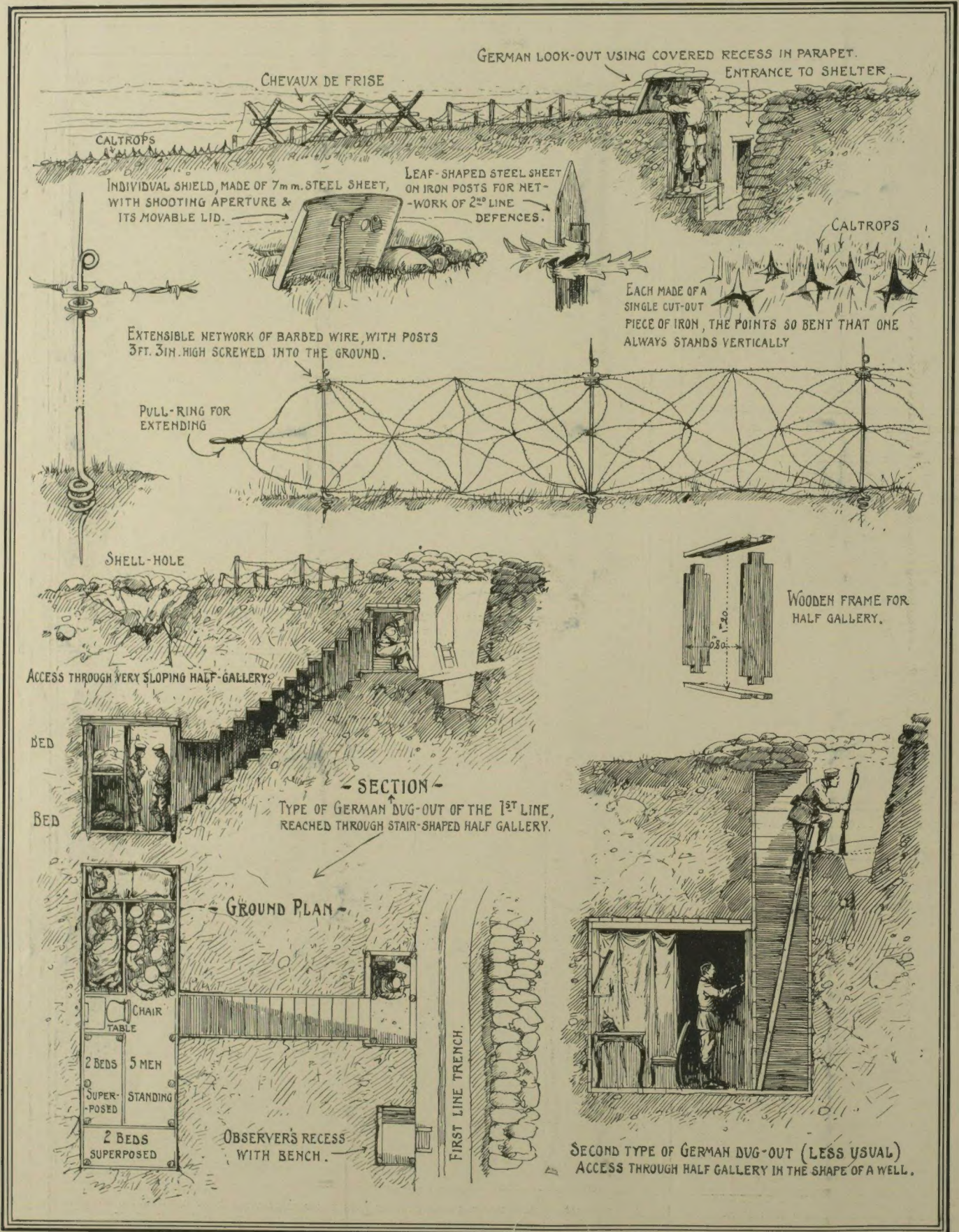
KING ALBERT AND GENERAL JOFFRE CHATTING WITH THE FOREIGN ATTACHÉS AT A REVIEW: A GROUP INCLUDING REPRESENTATIVES OF THE RUSSIAN, SERBIAN, JAPANESE, AND ITALIAN ARMIES.

As a return visit to that paid recently by President Poincaré to the Belgian Army, King Albert spent August 23 and 24 with the French forces, in company with the President, General Joffre, and M. Millerand (the French Minister of War). In the Aisne district the King and the President reviewed various regiments belonging to new formations, and M. Poincaré presented them with new colours. "The French Army," he said, "is appreciative and proud of the honour paid to it by the noble Sovereign who has given the world an example of inflexible uprightness, and in whom soldierly valour and civic courage are allied. He offers you here the living image of the virtue which those colours ought always to keep constantly before your eyes." At Nancy King Albert reviewed a French Army Corps, and President Poincaré presented colours to the 3rd Moroccan Brigade, which greatly distinguished itself in the fighting on the Yser. Addressing them, the President said: "Before taking part in the conflict round Arras, you began the liberation of magnanimous

Belgium, whose august Sovereign has himself brought you his thanks and congratulations." One of our photographs shows the chateau at which the party took *déjeuner* on August 24; on the previous day they were at another chateau. The names of the foreign attachés seen in the right-hand lower photograph are given by our correspondent as follows (from left to right, beginning with the officer beyond the one to whom King Albert is talking): Colonel Ygnatieff (Russia); Colonel Stephanovitch (Serbia), saluting the King; Captain Tsuchiya (Japan); Lieut.-Colonel di Braganza (Italy); Captain Paty (Russia); Lieut.-Colonel Higoutchi (Japan); and Lieut. Giulio Bianco (Italy). On the extreme left in this photograph is General Joffre, and next to him, facing the camera, President Poincaré. The foreign attachés are also seen in the central lower photograph, on the left of the picture. In a message to M. Poincaré on returning to Belgium, King Albert said: "The spirit and moral of your brave soldiers filled me with admiration."

CALTROPS, SHIELDS, WIRE, CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE: GERMAN TRENCH DEFENCES.

BY COURTESY OF "L'ILLUSTRATION," OF PARIS.



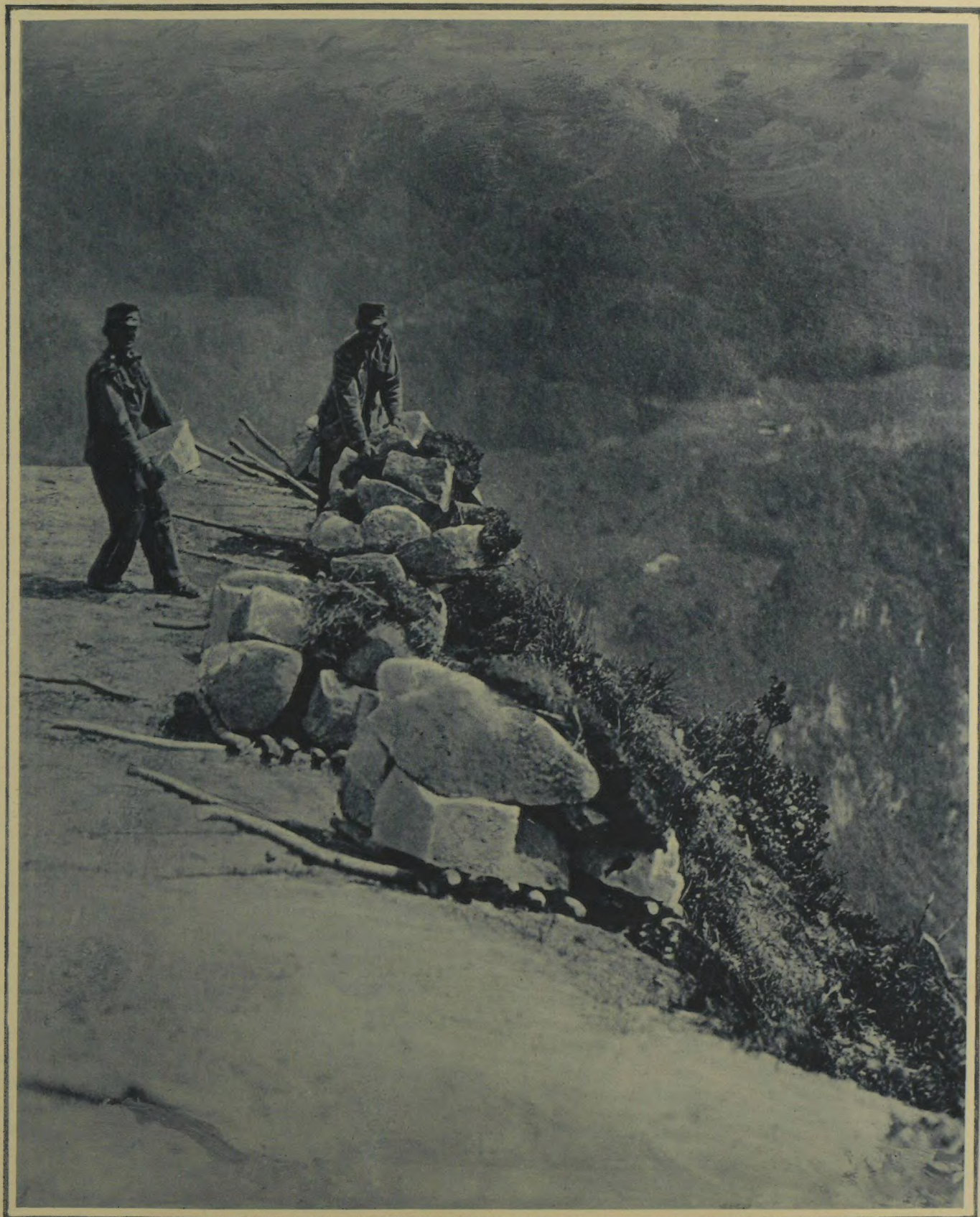
GERMAN SCIENTIFIC THOROUGHNESS APPLIED TO THE CONSTRUCTION AND PROTECTION OF THEIR EXTRAORDINARILY DEEP TRENCHES: VARIOUS OBSTACLES THE ALLIES' INFANTRY HAVE TO SURMOUNT IN ATTACKING.

Much has been written as to the solid and elaborate construction of German entrenchments. These drawings show two types of German underground shelters, one reached by a flight of steps, down a sloping gallery, the other (and less common) kind by a ladder down a vertical shaft. These dug-outs are as much as 25 to 30 feet beneath the surface. Not less striking are the various accessory defences outside the trench-parapet. These obstacles include *chevaux-de-frise*, furnished with barbed wire or sheets of iron cut into a kind of

leaf-shaped pattern resembling the edges of a giant saw. Wire-cutters are practically useless against this. Then there are the caltrops—four-sided sheets of iron with the points so bent that, whichever way they fall when thrown on the ground, one point sticks up vertically. The Germans also use extensible barbed wire and steel shields for individual soldiers, with a loop-hole for rifle-fire which has a movable lid. When no action is going on, the Germans leave only look-out men in the trench.

RECALLING HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS: NATURAL MUNITIONS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY V.F.



REVERTING TO ONE OF THE MOST PRIMITIVE METHODS OF WAR IN THE DAYS OF MODERN ARTILLERY: AN AUSTRIAN DEVICE FOR ROLLING ROCKS AND BOULDERS DOWN THE MOUNTAINS ON TO ITALIAN TROOPS.

In the mountain warfare now being waged between the Italians and the Austrians, the latter, it will be seen from the above photograph, are resorting to a method which, it might well be said, is "as old as the hills," and as old as the most primitive methods of human fighting among them. The rolling of great stones and boulders down a precipitous mountain-side on to an enemy below is a very ancient but still effective mode of bombardment, and it is also one of the cheapest, for Nature provides both the ammunition and the propulsive power—the force of gravity. All that is required from the "gunner" is the initial impetus. The photograph shows how the Austrian troops obtain the necessary

leverage to send a big pile of boulders hurtling down upon their foes, by merely lifting the handles of the wooden "poles" on which they rest. This is the sort of warfare with which Hannibal had to contend from tribes who impeded his passage of the Alps, as we read in the pages of Livy, and in modern times has been used by wild hillmen against British troops on the distant frontiers of the Empire. The Austrians, like the Italians, have specially trained regiments for mountain fighting, known as the *Kaiserjäger*, but it is said that their ranks were greatly depleted by the campaigns in the Carpathians, before the conflict with Italy began. The Italian *Alpini* soon established their ascendancy.

GERMAN FLAME-PROJECTORS IN USE: FRENCH TESTING FLAMMENWERFER CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY.

PHOTOGRAPH TOPICAL.

THESE remarkable photographs, showing French soldiers testing captured German *Flammenwerfer*, or flame-projectors, enable one to realise vividly the character of this product of German science. In the left-hand lower photograph may be seen the cylinders containing the inflammable liquid, some little distance in rear of the man ejecting it from the nozzle, which is, of course, connected with its cylinder by piping. The other photographs show the huge columns of smoke produced. In dealing with these photographs, we cannot begin better than by quoting from a description which we gave recently under a picture of a German flame-projector in use. "The apparatus consists of a reservoir, containing petrol mixed with a small proportion of kerosene (to give body to the liquid), and attached thereto are a cylinder of highly compressed air, a pressure-gauge, a starting-valve, and an electric battery with induction-coil. Connected to the reservoir by a flexible coupling is a long spraying-tube, which may be pointed to any angle. To the end of the tube are attached two rods which terminate in an electrical spark-gap, so that, when the main valve is opened, the liquid is forced out by great air-pressure, and ignited by the spark. Frequently the liquid is directed on to the Allies' trenches in its raw state, and is afterwards ignited by the burning stream. The effective range of a flame-projector is about thirty yards." For a further account of the apparatus we may refer our readers to the interesting description, by a correspondent of the "Times," of the flame-projector captured by the British troops at Hooge on August 9, and doubtless used against our men there on July 30. He writes: "The complete apparatus may be said roughly to consist of three main parts. In the first place there is a reservoir cylinder for storing the nitrogen by which is obtained

(Continued opposite.)



OPERATING THE NOZZLE AND WATCHING RESULTS THROUGH A HYPOSCOPE: RAISING A CLOUD LIKE AN "ARABIAN NIGHTS" GENIE. FRENCH SOLDIERS TESTING A GERMAN FLAMMENWERFER, WHICH IS

(Continued)
the pressure for forcing out the liquid oil from the main body of the instrument. The cylinder, which is about 3 ft. 6 in. high, is capable of holding 14.4 litres and weighs 23 kilos when empty. It has, apparently, been tested to 190 atmospheres, but the normal pressure in it when full is 125 atmospheres. Each one of these nitrogen cylinders is capable of supplying enough nitrogen for four or five of the actual 'flame-projectors.' The specimen I saw was manufactured by the Fiedler Company, of Berlin. The 'flame-projector' itself, as already mentioned by 'Eye-Witness,' consists of two principal parts. The first part is the portable reservoir into which the nitrogen is pumped from the cylinder I have just described and into which also is pumped the liquid oil. There was some of the liquid still remaining in the reservoir when the instrument was captured, and it appears to be a form of oil gas tar. When the machine is going to be used a valve is opened and the pressure of nitrogen (which has been pumped in to a pressure of 23 kilos) forces the liquid along a hose some 9 ft. or 10 ft. long ending in a nozzle about 4 ft. long. The contrivance for igniting the liquid at the instant of emission may be described generally as igniting the liquid automatically, much on the same principle that any charge is fired. The assumption is that each 'flame-projector' is worked by two men, one of whom carries the portable reservoir of oil and liquid strapped on to his back while the other directs the nozzle of the hose. It may be that the reservoir is sometimes rested upon a step in the trench and that the single man in charge of each machine then directs his aim through loopholes in the parapet. The range of the apparatus appears to be upwards of 25 yards. The jet at its extremity is said to spray over about 6 ft., and the operation is accompanied by dense clouds of black smoke."



SHOWING CYLINDERS CONTAINING THE INFLAMMABLE LIQUID, AND, BEYOND, MEN EJECTING IT FROM THE NOZZLE: GERMAN FLAMMENWERFER IN FRENCH HANDS.



"THE OPERATION IS ACCOMPANIED BY DENSE CLOUDS OF BLACK SMOKE": A MODE OF "CHEMICAL ATTACK" WHICH BRITISH TROOPS RECENTLY EXPERIENCED AT HOOGE.

The German flame-projectors (*Flammenwerfer*), which, as mentioned above, were experienced by the British troops at Hooge on July 30—had previously been used on several occasions against the French. Recently the Austrians have used, or prepared to use, a similar apparatus against the Italians. On August 25 some Italian Bersaglieri captured one of these instruments from the Austrians on the mountains south of Pieter. In describing one of the German types recently, the British "Eye-Witness" quoted from some official literature of the German Army giving instructions how to use it, under the heading of "Arms at the Disposal of Pioneers for Fighting at Close Quarters." The particular document was Note 32 of the Second Army, dated October 16, 1914, at St. Quentin. It stated: "The flame-projectors, which are very similar to portable fire-extinguishers, are worked by specially trained pioneers, and throw a liquid which at once catches fire spontaneously. The jet of fire has an effective range of thirty metres. . . . As they burn for one-and-a-half to two minutes, and can be stopped whenever necessary,

short and isolated jets of flame are advisable, so that one charge is sufficient to spray several objectives. Flame-projectors will be mainly employed in street and house-to-house fighting, and will be kept in readiness at the place from which an attack starts." Describing the flame-projector captured by the British, as mentioned above, Reuter's special correspondent at Headquarters said: "On inspection, it appears to be a metal box worn on the back like a haversack, with a length of piping through which the inflammable material, apparently a mixture of coal-tar, is squirted. Near the nozzle of the tube is a pressure-gauge, and in the nozzle a kind of wick, in which . . . a fierce flame is kept burning, by means of a chemical, to ignite the coal-tar preparation as it issues forth from the tank under high pressure." We may point out, in regard to the upper photograph, that the French soldiers conducting the experiments are also practising the method of watching its effects through a hyposcope, as would, no doubt, be done by the Germans in action.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

NEW AIRCRAFT IN WAR.

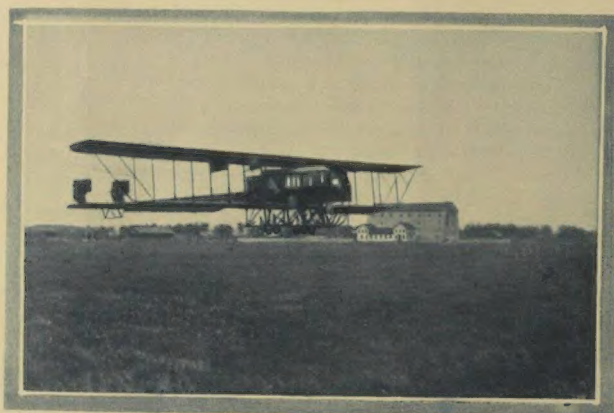
THE many surprises in the way of aerial war with which we were threatened more than a year ago have not yet materialised, and the poet's dream of whole navies battling with each other in the blue remains—a dream. Yet it can hardly be said that no advance has been made in the machines employed, or that the science of aviation stands where it did at the outset of the struggle. What has happened is that all the nations involved—England, France, Germany (including her vassal, Austria), Russia,

propelled or rear-driven biplane is, of course, not open to this objection, and it is probable that all gun-carrying machines will in future be of this type. Attempts have been made to render them less vulnerable by using defensive armour for the motor, the pilot's seat, and the gun-platform, and also by duplicating the engine so as to supply a reserve source of propulsion in the event of one of the engines being hit. This, however, necessarily means a great increase in the weight to be lifted, and a corresponding decrease in the speed and power of manœuvring. Of these heavier aeroplanes the Russian Sikorsky is probably the most formidable, and it was doubtless by one of these that the Zeppelin lately captured in Poland was forced to land.

Yet it is difficult to see how so cumbrous a machine could escape from a swift and rapidly turning monoplane driven by a pilot reckless of consequences, and only time can show whether the heavy type will have any further development.

There remains the air-ship, or lighter-than-air machine, which up to the present is the great failure in aerial warfare. Its employment as a raider stealing, as at Antwerp, at no great height and with engines cut off for the sake of silence, over a doomed town and raining upon it showers of incendiary or explosive bombs, was quickly countered by the development of the anti-aircraft gun. In view of even the very moderate efficiency attained by this weapon, the German air-ship has since been compelled to fly at an altitude of from 4000 to 6000 feet, at which anything like accurate steering, aiming, or observation, is impossible; while as the engines must keep going the whole time, the approach of the air-ship can

be no longer stealthy. At sea, the great difficulty (frequently pointed out in this column) that the Zeppelin has in turning, or even flying head to wind, makes it easy for even the slowest-moving steamship



RUSSIA'S GIANT WAR-PLANE FOR EIGHT: THE SIKORSKY BIPLANE STARTING ON A FLIGHT.

and now Italy—have gradually been feeling their way to the best and most economic use of the weapons at their disposal, and have attained their end less by world-shaking innovation than by the time-honoured method of trial and error. Perhaps it is only by such means that real progress can be made.

Nowhere has this progress been more marked than in the oldest form of aerial machine—to wit, the balloon. Balloons, captive and otherwise, for observation purposes have been employed since the days of Napoleon, but the familiar spherical type has been found objectionable from its habit of spinning like a top in even light winds. Two German experts, Herr Siegfried and Major von Parseval, have remedied this by the invention of the *Drachen-ballon*, which is, in effect, a balloon of the sausage shape, kept in a diagonal position by the wire rope that secures it to earth, while a box-kite in the shape of an inverted pistol is attached to its lower end. Thanks to this, the machine always rides head to wind, even in winds exceeding a speed of ten metres per second, and thus enables the observer to preserve his bearings unaltered. Although the French aeronauts have maintained that its disadvantages outweigh its advantages, it has been adopted into our own air service, and anyone visiting Roehampton Lane on windy days can generally see an example in use.

The aeroplane, or heavier-than-air machine, employed during the present war has not so much changed its type as developed in two directions. The swift and handy monoplane, from which great things were expected, was well-nigh abandoned at the beginning of the war, the biplane being used almost exclusively for scouting purposes. Lately, the monoplane has been creeping back into favour, and it must not be forgotten that it was on a monoplane that the late Lieutenant Warneford achieved the destruction of the only Zeppelin that has yet been brought to earth by a single aviator. The principal objection to its use is that the position of the monoplane's tractor in front of the machine prevents the employment of end-on fire, and thus handicaps it terribly in the event of its meeting armed and hostile aircraft. The

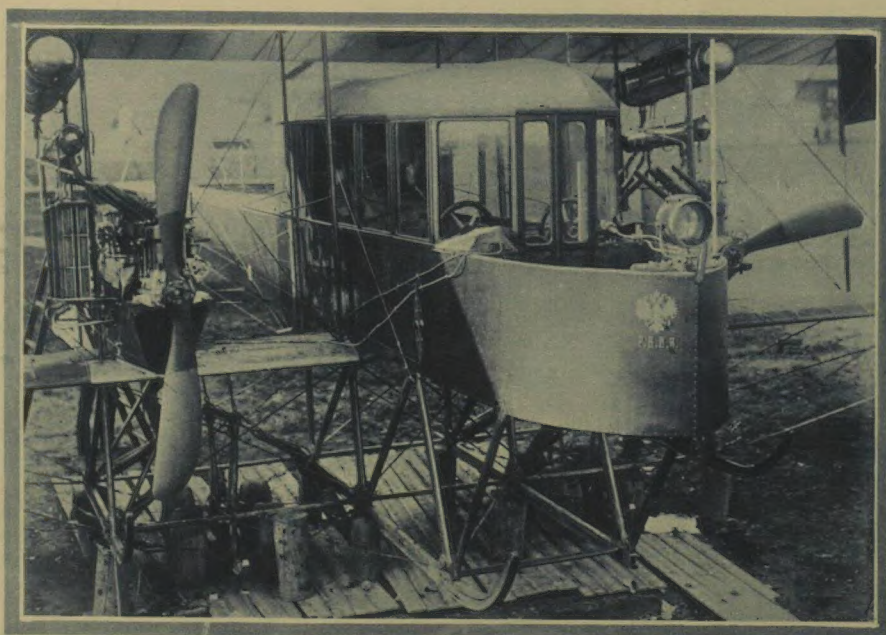


WITH THE INVENTOR AT THE WHEEL: M. SIKORSKY IN THE GREAT BIPLANE THAT HE DESIGNED.

Photo. by Malorey.

to out-mancœuvre the air-ship; and both at sea and on land the Zeppelin has been shown to be at the mercy of any properly equipped aeroplane whose pilot is ready to take his life in his hand on the chance of striking a blow for his country. Dangerous as it is to prophesy, the number of such aviators among the Allies makes it fairly certain that before long the Zeppelin, as an engine of war, will disappear altogether.

F. L.



WEIGHING THREE AND A-HALF TONS AND ABLE TO CARRY SIXTEEN PEOPLE: THE SIKORSKY BIPLANE—SHOWING THE CABIN AND TWO OF THE ENGINES AND PROPELLERS.

The Sikorsky biplane, otherwise known as the "Ilya Mouromets," is 65 feet long and weighs 3½ tons. She has four engines of 400 to 600 h.p., and has carried 16 people for over 24 hours. Her normal crew is 8. The machine has been in action in the war, and others of the same type, it is said, are being built.

THE NEW GALLIPOLI BATTLEFIELD: AFTER THE LANDING AT SUVLA BAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIEEL.



"THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES APPEARED TO BE SWALLOWED UP":
THE BOMBARDMENT OF ANAFARTA ACROSS THE SALT LAKE.



WHERE "THERE WAS A SHORT, SHARP FIGHT BEFORE IT WAS RUSHED
AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET": LALA BABA HILL.



SHOWING THE CLOUD OF SMOKE AND EARTH RAISED BY A BURSTING SHELL (IN THE DISTANCE ON THE RIGHT):
RED CROSS WAGONS WAITING AT THE EDGE OF THE SALT LAKE, AT SUVLA BAY.



PART OF THE GREAT FORCE LANDED LAST MONTH AT SUVLA BAY, FOUR MILES
NORTH OF GABA TEPE: TROOPS ASSEMBLED ON SHORE.



"IT REQUIRED TIME . . . TO COLLECT THE WOUNDED, AND TO LAND STORES":
STRETCHER-BEARERS BRINGING WOUNDED TO THE BEACH.

The landing at Suvla Bay took place in the early hours of August 7. One force landed on the northern shore and occupied three miles of front along the Karakol Dag ridge. "Simultaneously with this movement," writes Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, "the — Division began to disembark on the southern spit. In their immediate front was a small hill, known as Lala Baba, which the enemy held. There was a short, sharp fight before it was rushed at the point of the bayonet." By August 10 the first advance against Anafarta had come to a stop. "It required time to sort and reorganise the units, to collect the wounded, and to land stores, ammunition and artillery . . . and it was not

until August 21 that the Army was in a position to make a frontal attack. . . . Exactly at 3 p.m. the first gun was fired, and for half an hour we witnessed another of those terrible bombardments which have become commonplaces on this bloody soil. The battle-ships and cruisers concentrated on Hills 70 and 112, supported by field-guns and heavy howitzers. Once again the enemy's trenches appeared to be swallowed up in clouds of earth and smoke, but the Turks showed no sign and not a man left his position. Whilst this bombardment lasted the enemy's guns replied furiously." Though the Yeomanry gained the crest of Hill 70, it had to be abandoned during the night.

THE LANDING AT SUVLA BAY: LONG LINES OF BRITISH



"MOVING AS IF ON PARADE": BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING IN FILE, IN VERY

The extended formation in which the troops who landed at Suvla Bay, in Gallipoli, are here seen crossing the bed of the Salt Lake, was also found necessary when they attacked the Turkish positions. "The ground at Anafarta," writes Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, "is very closed and broken, and rises gradually to the hills. It is essential to advance in very open order, and the men thus speedily become separated and out of touch with their officers and comrades. It requires troops highly trained in skirmishing and self-reliance, where every man will push on to the objective of his own accord, without stopping for orders or to see if his comrades are following." The first attack on the Anafarta Hills was unsuccessful, but on August 21 a second great effort was made, especially against Hill 70 and Hill 112. Towards evening "orders were issued [continues Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett] for another attack on Hill 70 by a battalion

ADVANCING ACROSS SALT LAKE TO ATTACK ANAFARTA.

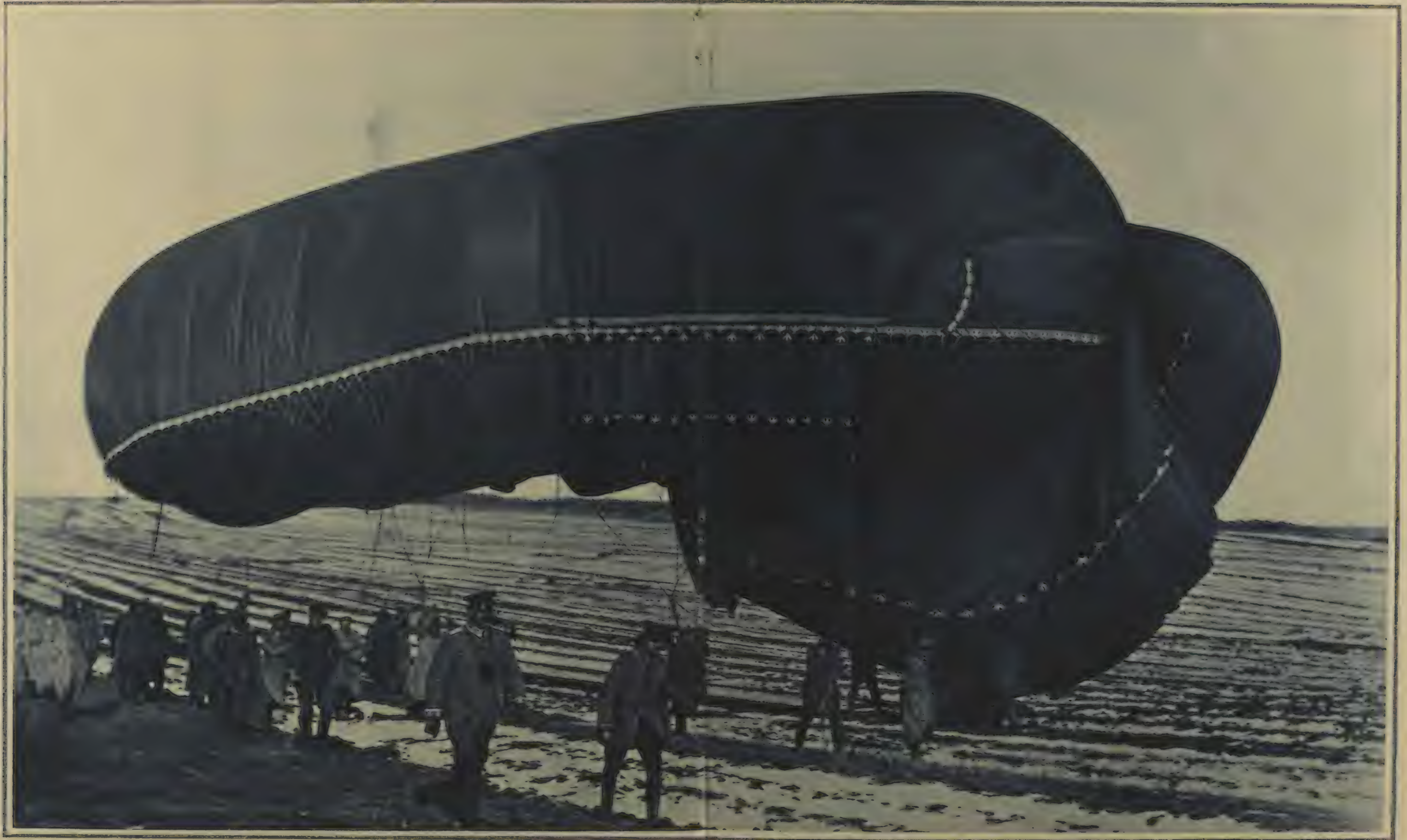
BY ALFRED



OPEN ORDER, ACROSS THE DRY BED OF THE SALT LAKE AT SUVLA BAY.

which had hitherto been held in reserve and a mounted division in reserve behind Lala Baba. This splendid body of troops, in action for the first time, and led by men bearing some of the best-known names in England, moved out from under cover and proceeded to cross the Salt Lake in open order. No sooner did they appear than the enemy concentrated a heavy shrapnel fire on the advancing lines, fully exposed as they were in the open. But the men, moving as if on parade, pressed steadily on, losing many, but never wavering, and formed up behind the infantry Brigade in front of Hill 70." The troops here mentioned were Yeomanry, who, fighting on foot, shortly afterwards made a heroic charge and gained the crest of Hill 70, but were unable to hold it through the night owing to the exploding fire of Turkish machineguns. It was in that charge that Sir John Moncrieff, V.C. was killed.

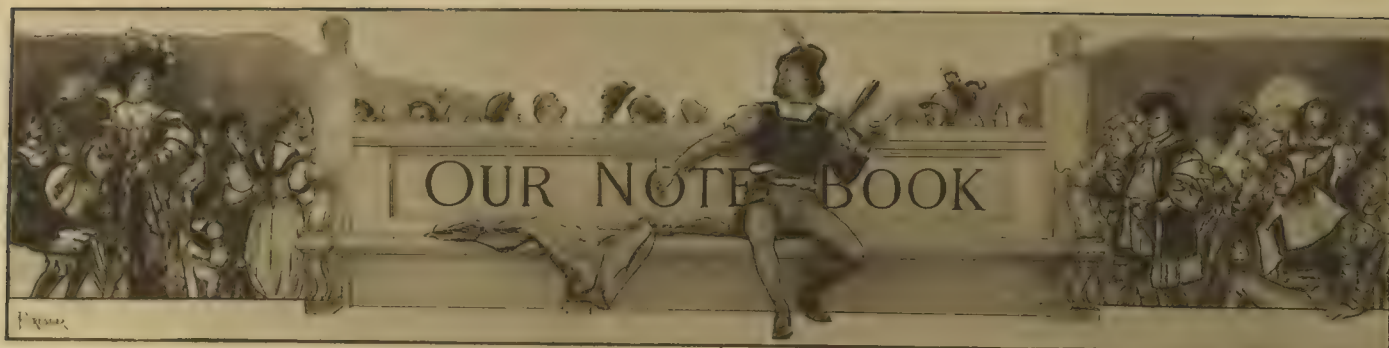
STEADIED BY ITS BALLONET, AS A KITE IS STEADIED BY ITS TAIL: AN ENEMY OBSERVATION-POST OF THE AIR.



OF A NEW TYPE KNOWN ALSO IN THIS COUNTRY: A GERMAN CAPTIVE-BALLOON, WHICH HAS ADVANTAGES OVER THE SPHERICAL BALLOON, BUT IS EASIER TO HIT.

This peculiar type of captive-balloon, invented by a German, is described in Mr. Frederick A. Talbot's very interesting and useful book, "Aeroplanes and Dirigibles of War." "Although the familiar spherical balloon," he writes, "has proved perfectly adequate for reconnoitring in the British and French armies, the German authorities maintained that it was not satisfactory in anything but calm weather. Accordingly, scientific initiative was stimulated with a view to the evolution of a superior vessel. These endeavours culminated in the Parseval-Siegsfeld captive-balloon, which has a quaint appearance. It has the form of a bulky cylinder with hemispherical extremities. At one end of the balloon there is a surrounding outer bag, reminiscent of a cancerous growth. The lower end of this is open. This attachment serves the purpose of a ballonnet. The wind blowing against the opening, which faces it, charges the ballonnet with air. This action, it is claimed, serves to steady the main vessel,

somewhat in the manner of the tail of a kite, thereby enabling observations to be made as easily and correctly in rough as in calm weather. The appearance of the balloon while aloft is certainly curious. It appears to be rearing up on end, as if the extremity saddled with the ballonnet were weighted. British and French captive-balloon authorities are disposed to discount the steadying effect of this attachment, and, indeed, to maintain that it is a distinct disadvantage. It may hold the vessel steadier for the purpose of observation, but at the same time it renders the balloon a steadier target for hostile fire. On the other hand, the swaying of a spherical balloon with the wind materially contributes to its safety. A moving object, particularly when its oscillations are irregular and incalculable, is an extremely difficult object at which to take effective aim." Balloons of this type will have been noticed in various of our drawings from the front.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is very puzzling to find people still talking about "optimism" and "pessimism" in connection with the War. You cannot be an optimist or a pessimist about whether a gun is loaded. It is or it isn't. If it is, it may shoot you in the most joyous and buoyant attitude. If it isn't it will not shoot you after the most lugubrious funeral preparations and family farewells. So it is with a certain great gun we know which is pointed towards the Rhine. Most of those who know most about these things have practically seen it loaded. Those of them who, in such a case, say it has no charge are not pessimists but liars. Others seem to want to have it prematurely fired off to prove that it is loaded. They are not optimists but lunatics. Now the complaint I make about the panic Press, in its comments on such things as the Russian retreat or the grapple in Gallipoli, is not in the least a complaint against pessimism. My objection is not even that these journalists give the news in a needlessly sombre style; though anyone can see that a more confident tone would be as appropriate and much more patriotic. The objection is that these writers, not in the loose but in the literal sense of the word, do not know what they are talking about. They do not really know that the Russian retreat is a retreat; because they do not know what a retreat is. They constantly use the word as interchangeable with the word "rout"; which is very nearly the opposite. A retreat is that military relation between two coherent armies in which it is the object of the oncoming force to get a battle, as much as it is the object of a fox-hunter to get the brush. The fox-hunter does not consider himself a conqueror as soon as the fox has begun to run, but only when the fox has stopped running. If the fox gets away altogether, the hunters regard the fox as the conqueror. Some Prussian jubiliations remind me of an absurd triolet written by a friend of mine, which ran:

When I go for the trout
It is perfectly glorious!
I give one hearty shout
When I go for the trout;
And they scatter in rout
And they leave me victorious.
When I go for the trout
It is perfectly glorious!

This does not in the least mean that a retreat is not a regrettable thing; and it might well be maintained that the chances are generally against both the fox and the trout. It does not mean that the pursuer will not get his battle. It does mean that until he has got it he has got nothing. It means, in short, that what these journalists fail to see is not the hopefulness or the hopelessness of the operation, but simply the operation itself.

Of course we must always allow for the different forms which patriotic feeling may take. There may be people who cannot die for their country, and think it the next best thing to despair for it. But they themselves, if the journalists are of this kind, have no such toleration for our greater faith in the future energies of the nation. I found one of them in a paper the other day groaning against Mr. Belloc, the military critic of *Land and Water* (who had audaciously ventured to be satisfied with something somewhere, or to suggest that there were some Russian soldiers left), and bitterly declaring that none of his prophecies had been fulfilled. This is quite true; since he never made any prophecies. It is as if they were to say that all the saints who appeared in visions to Bradlaugh invariably misled him. Not only did

Mr. Belloc never claim the power of prediction in this war, but he has repeatedly asseverated, with something not far from ferocity, that anybody who claimed it was a fool. I only mention this detail because it gives the measure of the real difference; which is not a difference between optimism and pessimism, but a difference between judgments about the past and mere scares about the future. The future might be very much worse than the present, and such scares would remain, in themselves, random and irresponsible. If before these lines appear, or even while I write them, came the news of a determining German victory, my criticism would still stand. If Hindenburg and Mackensen had succeeded as military strategists, these writers would still have failed as military critics.

impossible task; in which victories are as vain as defeats. And if Von Hindenburg is as good a soldier as he seems to be, I should strongly suspect that he thinks the same thing himself. It is practically certain that the same thing is thought by his intellectual equals or superiors among the Allies, the very able men in the higher commands in the West. Most of us cannot count on getting our news only from headquarters but we can avoid getting it only from headlines.

Meanwhile, a civilian can see most of the truth in the Press or public utterances of the enemy. They are marked by a paradoxical combination which contains the key of the whole mystery; and astonishing bombast about the present, combined with a new and curious caution about the future. Very often the comparative caution is in what they say, and the "swank" (now I believe called "swish") in the way they say it. The explanation can be put in few words: It is that they are ready to make a bargain, but wish to have enough in hand to make a good bargain. Thus they will triumph uproariously over Russia, because Russia can be depicted as prostrate at this very moment, which is precious and passing. But they will draw in their horns meekly in the matter of America; because a triumph over America, even if it could be achieved, could only be achieved a long time hence; when it is quite on the cards that there may be no German Empire to achieve it. Their military despatches from the Eastern front contain flourishes such as are never now seen in a military despatch, any more than in a railway time-table. One of them said airily that German Generals would no longer be contented with such a trifle as taking prisoners by the thousand, but would in future take them by the hundred thousand. I know not what to call this; except perhaps feminine. I think it was the women who celebrated the victory over the Philistines by saying "Saul has killed his thousands, but David his ten thousands": I am sure it was not David, who was a military man himself. Military men are seldom militarists. But their sisters and their cousins and their aunts may be permitted such inspiring exaggeration: though some of the Higher Critics are quite capable of first taking it literally, and then proving it wrong. If, however, we compare this wonderful way of talking with the hasty and perturbed explanations offered to the United States after the *Arabic* affair, we shall find it hard to believe that they came from the same Government. Germany's answer came almost before America's question: and repudiated a German for doing what Germany had repeatedly said he had a right to do. It is a very appropriate epilogue to the very consistent tragedy; piracy, perfidy, massacre, the praise of massacre, pride, impotence, and, in the end, panic. Germany had broken her word to everyone else in the world. It only remained for her to break her word to herself; and she has done it.

But the vital matter for us to seize is the fact that this double and contrasted action can have only one meaning. Its meaning is that Germany, in one sense, feels strong enough to end the War, but does not feel strong enough to begin it again. There is a parable in that slow approach of winter which will freeze her efforts in the East. She is working her last victories for all she is worth; for the night cometh when no man can work. She feels as so many evil kings have felt, when they heard the footfall of death.

[Copyrighted in the U.S.A. by the "New York American,"]



"WILLIAM" AND "FRANCIS JOSEPH": VULTURES CAPTURED BY FRENCH MARINES
AT SEDD-UL BAHR.

The grounds of rational confidence are not to be found in any ramifications of our own ingenuity, but in the elements of the German plan. They do not come merely from Belloc; but rather from Bernhardt. It is plainer every day that the German scheme was bold, but well considered and long prepared. It could be summarised in three terms: to neutralise England; to destroy France; and by that to discourage Russia. Since Russia is naturally as unready as she is inexhaustible, it was believed that discouragement would be enough. We now know exactly how their scheme has fared. They have not neutralised England. So far from having destroyed France, they have not even discouraged France. And so far from having discouraged Russia, they are now committed to the almost impossible task of destroying Russia. Any of their own Generals, Moltke as much as Frederick, Bernhardt as much as Moltke, would have said that it was an almost

THE FALL OF NOVO-GEORGIEVSK: IN THE CAPTURED RUSSIAN FORTRESS.



THE GERMANS MARCHING IN TO OCCUPY THE FORTIFICATIONS: TRAMPING THROUGH THE OUTWORKS TO THE CITADEL-ENTRY INTO NOVO-GEORGIEVSK.



TRIUMPHAL MUSIC TO CELEBRATE THE EVENT: AN ENEMY REGIMENT ON THE WAY TO ITS QUARTERS IN NOVO-GEORGIEVSK.



MEN WHO HELD OUT TO THE LAST: THE SURVIVING RUSSIAN REAR-GUARD TROOPS REMOVED AS PRISONERS AFTER A GALLANT DEFENCE ENABLING THE MAIN FORCE TO GET AWAY.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE COMPLETENESS OF THE RUSSIANS' DESTRUCTION OF THE WORKS: GERMAN OFFICERS INSPECTING THE BLOWN-UP CITADEL.



TO SECURE THE RIVER PASSAGE DURING THE OCCUPATION: THE GERMAN GUARD AT THE VISTULA BRIDGE-HEAD.

Novo-Georgievsk, one of the four great Russian fortresses of the Polish Quadrilateral—Warsaw, Kovno, and Brest-Litovsk were the three others—after holding the Germans in check long enough to enable the retreat from Warsaw to be carried out safely, withstood bombardment by the heaviest enemy artillery for twelve days (August 8 to 20) before the garrison evacuated the fortress. Only a rear-guard force of comparatively weak strength was left to hold certain of the works to the last, and these, unable to get away, fell into the hands of the Germans. They did their work thoroughly, destroying the

forts and citadel, and setting on fire the arsenal, storehouses, and munitions-workshops and disabling the fortress-guns before the entry of the Germans. The Germans, as the second illustration shows, marched in with bands playing in their customary exultant manner. In the third illustration the cross on the helmets of the prisoners' escort may be remarked: that is the regulation helmet-badge of all German Landwehr regiments. German Line regiments wear either the Prussian Eagle badge, or the armorial bearings of the State (Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, etc.) to which the corps belong.

"THE VOICE OF THE RUSSIAN LAND--WAR TILL FULL VICTORY

IS ATTAINED": WITH OUR GALLANT ALLIES, THE RUSSIANS.



CAPTURED ON THE LINE OF MARCH: A RUSSIAN DRAGOON QUESTIONING THREE PRISONERS.



A PRELIMINARY PRECAUTION: SEARCHING GERMAN



PRISONERS AND REMOVING THEIR AMMUNITION.



UTILISING THE HELP OF NATURE: A RUSSIAN FIELD-GUN SCREENED AGAINST PRYING GERMAN AIRMEN.



O. TAKING UP DUTY IN THE TRENCHES: A RUSSIAN OFFICER PREPARING HIS POISON-GAS MASK.



VICTIMISED IN THE RAVAGES OF WAR: THE FATE



OF A POLISH VILLAGE BETWEEN THE ARMIES



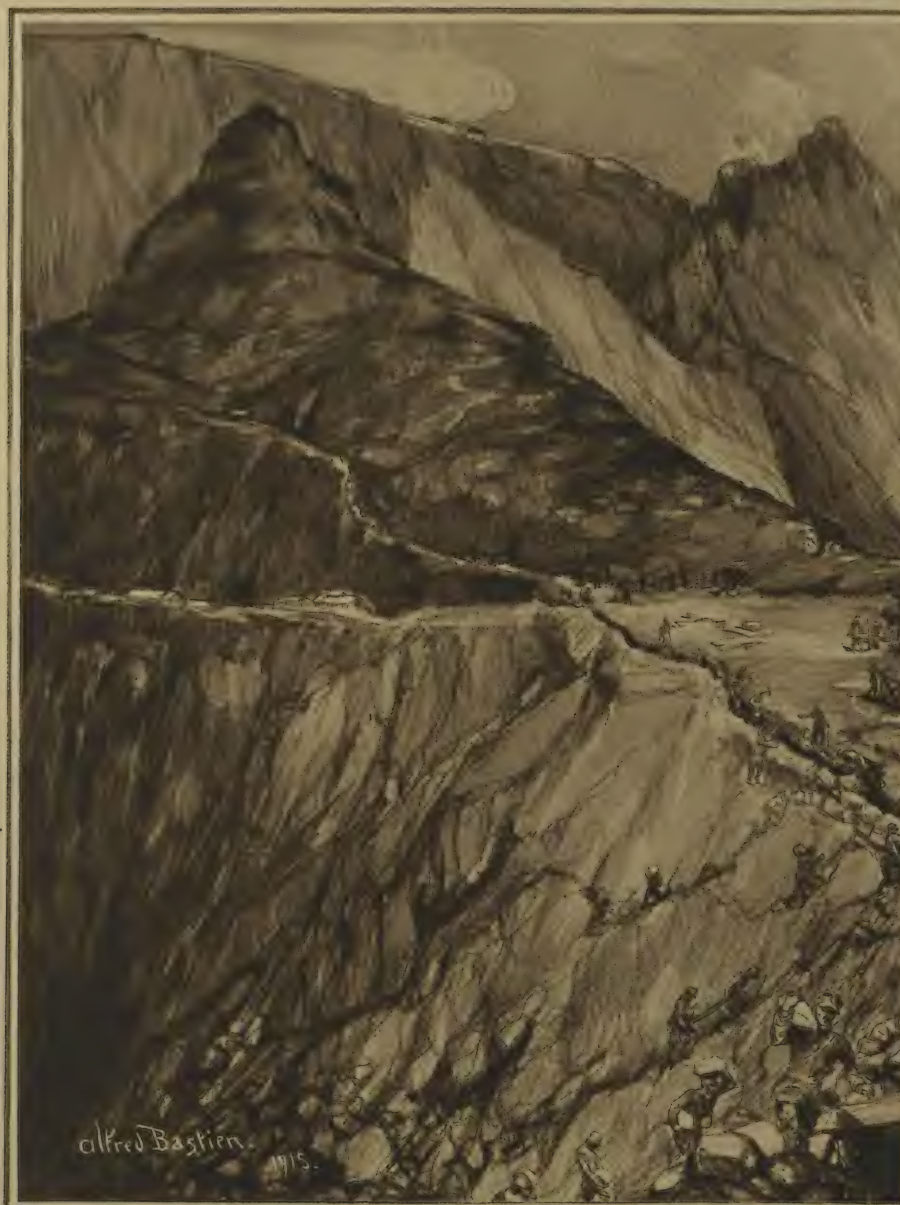
TAKING THE ENEMY'S RANGE WITH A HYPOSCOPE: A MASKED RUSSIAN OFFICER AT HIS TRENCH-POST.

"Firmly and without the least hesitation the legislative institutions, called together by me, returned me, as I expected, the only answer worthy of Russia--war till full victory is attained. I do not doubt that this was the voice of the Russian land." Such was the keynote of steadfast resolve and firm confidence in the future in which the Emperor Nicholas, in the White Hall of the Winter Palace, Petrograd, on September 4, opened the session of the Russian National Council convoked to organise the general defences of the Empire and provide for adequate war supplies for the armies in the field. "Nothing," added the Emperor in continuation, "can be allowed to divert our thoughts, our will, and our strength from what is now our sole aim, to drive the enemy from our territories. For this purpose we must, above all, guarantee to the active army and the new troops which have been collected an

amplitude of munitions of war." The Russian field of operations extends over an area of hundreds of miles, mostly of forest land, swamps, and plains, a country devastated by the ravages of months of warfare and barren of supplies, the line of front broadly stretching in a continuous line from the Baltic to the Bukovina and the Roumanian frontier. There the armies of Russia are combating vigorously in their desperate efforts to stay the advance of the invaders, outnumbered for the time by the massed forces of Germany and Austria-Hungary; the combination being rendered the more dangerous by enormous supplies of the heaviest artillery and munitions of war, the accumulation of years in the arsenals and magazines of the two Central Powers. How splendid a defence the heroic Russian troops have made it is unnecessary to recall.

"SO ALL DAY LONG THE NOISE OF BATTLE ROLLED

DRAWN BY ALFRED BASTIEN FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS



"WHERE NATURE SEEMS TO MOCK AT THE PUNY EFFORTS OF MANKIND AT WAR":

In a note to his sketch from which our drawing was made, Mr. Julius Price writes: "There are few things I have seen in the war that have impressed me more than this entrenched position of the Italians high up on the summit almost of these wild mountains. My sketch—alas!—conveys but a very meagre idea of the sublime grandeur of the scene, where Nature seems to mock at the puny efforts of mankind at war, whilst, towering above all, the mighty Ortler in its robe of eternal snow contemplates with serene dignity the invasion of its solitudes. . . The entrenchment being dug on the slope of the hill is intended to serve as a covered traverse to the trenches and guns,

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS": ITALY'S ALPINE WAR.

M. PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY.



AN ITALIAN ADVANCED OUTPOST AGAINST THE AUSTRIANS IN THE HIGH ALPS.

which will be covered by deep snow in a few weeks hence and remain so until the spring. The position is 6000 feet above sea level." On the left are men carrying up logs and stones for building a wall along the trench. In the centre foreground (smoking a pipe), is a sergeant-supervising. On the right is a field-fox. Further back to the left are two guns in sand-bag embrasures. Beyond this again are two officers leaning over a breastwork observing the enemy. Just to left of them are entrances to covered trenches. Monte Ortler, a Tyrol peak, is seen in the background on the right. On the extreme left, on a cliff road, is a hospital tent.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

Kruppism in Turkey: Germany Supplying her Eastern Ally.



GERMANY MAKING MUNITIONS FOR THE TURKS: GERMANS AND TURKS AT THE OPENING OF A NEW AMMUNITION-FACTORY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

There is, of course, no doubt that Turkey is dependent upon Germany for her ammunition to a very considerable extent, and it was announced the other day, through Athens, that Krupps had established a large factory for shells and explosives near Constantinople, and that some 4000 German workmen were engaged in turning

out large quantities of munitions of war for the Turks. Our photograph was taken, presumably, at the opening of this very factory; although it may be, of course, that it shows the inauguration of a second works. It also makes evident the fact that Germany has been distributing Iron Crosses in Turkey with the customary freedom!

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.

Germany's Idol to Aid War Funds: The Much-Discussed Wooden Effigy.



NOT TO BE "NAILED," AFTER ALL! MAKING THE GREAT WOODEN STATUE OF FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN UNVEILED.

A curious idea recently mooted in Berlin, permitting patriotic citizens, for certain fees, to drive nails into the head and trunk of the great wooden statue of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg there, has been abandoned. The tariff for this "assault and battery" was fixed at five marks for an iron nail, ten marks for one of silver and, for

one of gold, any sum which the patriotism of the giver might suggest, the fees to go to the military charities of Berlin. Instead, each contributor of the equivalent of a "nail" will receive a patriotic pamphlet, a picture of the statue, and a "Denkspruch," or "sentiment," in facsimile of the Field-Marshal's handwriting.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS EUROPÆ.

TOMMY AND "DIRTY DICK": A BETWEEN-TRENCHES INCIDENT.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH FROM THE FRONT.



"A PORTRAIT OF DIRTY DICK" (THE KAISER) IN PLACE OF A GERMAN FLAG: THE CONTEMPTUOUS PICTURE SET UP BY THE BRITISH SOLDIERS WHO TOOK DOWN THE ENEMY COLOUR.

In a letter sent to us from the trenches, with a sketch, it is written: "After eight days in the trenches, we had six days in reserve. When we went back into the trenches, we found the Germans had fixed up a flag half-way between their lines and ours. We

meant to get that flag; and one of the stretcher-bearers painted a portrait of 'Dirty Dick' (the Kaiser) on a piece of canvas. This is now fixed up in place of the flag, which was brought in by some of our men."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION; AND A MUCH-TRIED BATTALION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, DENNIS MOSS, LAFAYETTE, SPORT AND GENERAL, BARNETT, BASSANO, BROOKS HUGHES, AND BERNESFORD.



With regard to our group of officers of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, it should be noted that there are in it the following officers: Top Row: (left to right) Lieut. H. H. McCormac (killed), Lieut. M. W. F. Hall (wounded), Lieut. J. R. Whitsitt (k.), Lieut. F. M. McCormac (k.); Second Row: 2nd Lieut. R. R. A. Darling (w.), Lieut. T. T. H. Verschöyle (w.), Lieut. O. G. E. McWilliam (w.), Lieut. J. B. T. Nel's (k.), Lieut. T. E. Hastings (w.), Capt. R. W. Robinson (k.), Lieut. F. C. Stigant (w.), Lieut. G. C. Ballentine (w.), Lieut. V. D. O'Malley; Third Row: Capt. V. H. Scott (w.), Capt. W. C. G. Bolitho (w.), Capt. J. A. Armstrong, Major J. J. H. B. Eckford, Lieut.-Col. A. J. Hancocks, Major C. S. Owen (w.), Capt. T. A. D. Best (w.), Capt. C. E. G. Vernon (k.), Capt. F. W. Clarke; Seated: Lieut. W. R. Galloway, Lieut. D. J. Grubb (k.). This regiment has done splendid service, and has been very hard hit. Of other portraits given upon this page, it may be noted that Major de Lacy Wolrich Passy was the son of the late Capt. de Lacy Passy, of

Bishopstoke, Hants. He served in Somaliland in 1903-4, and was awarded medal, with clasp. Major William Stanley Hern saw service in South Africa in 1901, and was severely wounded during the operations in the Transvaal, and received the Queen's medal, three clasps, and King's medal, two clasps. Major Bernard Head served with distinction in the South African War, being mentioned in despatches and awarded the Queen's medal, with three clasps. Major Ernest Edward Williams, D.S.O., was the son of the Hon. Sir Hartley Williams, of Cadogan Gardens, formerly Senior Puisne Judge in Victoria. He had served with distinction in Africa, taking part in the Kaduna Expedition, 1900; the Kana-Sokoto Campaign, 1903, and the Okpoto Expedition, in Northern Nigeria, 1904, in each case receiving the medal with clasp. He was three times mentioned in despatches, and in 1905 was given the D.S.O. Major C. H. Tippet was the son of the late Henry Vivian Tippet, of Stone Grange, Maltby. He served in the South African Campaign.

BURBERRY AUTUMN DRESS

Simple and practical Models for sport and general out-door life, ensuring the protection that preserves health and the distinction that satisfies the highest standards of good taste and fashion.



The Burberry.

World-renowned top-coat weatherproof. Airtight and naturally ventilating, preserves health in all weathers.

"The 'Burberry' woman is certainly one of those who get the very best service possible from their apparel. She is, in fact, a really wise economist in dress."

Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns of Burberry Materials Post Free.



Every Genuine Burberry Garment bears the Burberry label.

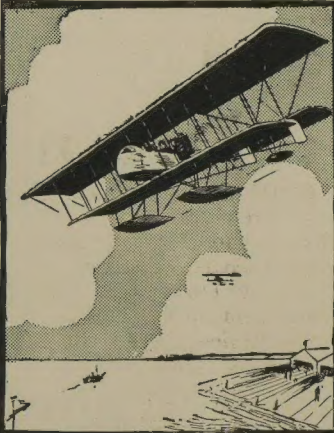
Burberry Gown.

A typical example of Burberry taste and skill in combining the latest Fashion with characteristic comfort and efficiency.

COATS AND GOWNS CLEANED by Burberys are returned practically as good as new. All weatherproof garments reproofed by the Burberry process. Price List on application.

BURBERRYS

Haymarket S.W. LONDON
8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS
Basingstoke; also Provincial Agents.



The HENRY FARMAN SEAPLANE is a biplane of the pusher type, that is to say the propeller pushes the machine from behind the main planes. It has been evolved by Henry Farman, one of the first Europeans to fly. The engine is an 80-h.p. Gnome, and the whole machine is so reliable as to have earned the nickname, "The mechanical cow." The pilot and passenger have comfortable quarters in a NACELLE which is built out from the front of the machine.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and are sold in two strengths:

GOLD LEAF.

100 for 3/-; 50 for 1/6

MEDIUM.

100 for 2/3; 50 for 1/1½

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE

Is a development of the ORIGINAL PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

Player's Navy Cut De Luxe is the outcome of many year's experience and is probably the best Pipe Tobacco yet offered to the public. It is perfectly accurate to describe it as being manufactured from not only the best growths of Virginia but from the selected leaves of those best growths.

Packed only in 2-oz. and 4-oz.

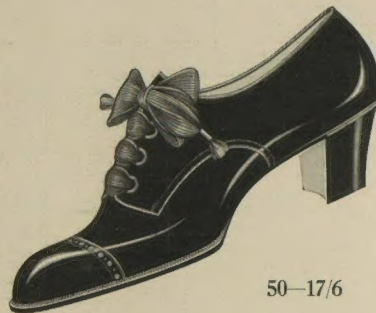
Airtight Tins at 1/2 and 2/4

respectively.

For Wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home and for the Front at Duty Free Rates.

Terms on application to—
John Player and Sons, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co* (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.,



50-17/6

A Treasure among Shoes

THOSE who buy Lotus No. 50, generally go on buying it, finding it a particularly useful shoe to have in the outfit, and one that comes in for many different occasions.

"You can wear style 50 for years without growing tired of it," said one woman, who was first attracted to Lotus by the sight of this very shoe in an agent's window, "and always feel well-dressed in it too."

For the shoe fits beautifully. One feels quite proud of the neat, glossy, well-groomed pair of feet it gives one, particularly now, when feet are so much in evidence. So, anyone on the look-out for a pair of really nice shoes, shoes that will wear well and be comfortable enough to go walking—real walking—in, should remember No. 50. She can get it from the Lotus agent in her district.

Lotus

Letters: Lotus Limited, Stafford
Makers of Lotus and Delta Shoes. Agents everywhere



By Appointment.

FEROCAL

(SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD)

**Strengthens.
Nourishes.
Improves the
appetite.**

For children who are naturally delicate, or who are inclined to out-grow their strength.

Pleasant to the Taste.
Children like it.

In bottles, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6,
of all Chemists.

SQUIRE & SONS, Ltd.,
THE KING'S CHEMISTS,
413, Oxford St., London, W.



Handwritten signature: H. Squire

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Armoured Cars in the Desert. When the war began a year ago we heard a lot about the possibilities of the armoured car—how it was going to revolutionise land war, and how it would change the whole aspect of combined tactics. So far, I cannot discern that anything of the sort can be laid to the account of the car as a fighting machine. Of course, the motor-car has, beyond all doubt, altered the whole aspect of war by reason of the enormously increased facility with which it enables armies to move and with which they can be fed and supplied at relatively long distances from their supply bases.

I met the other day an officer attached to the armoured-car service who has just returned from German South-West Africa—or, I suppose, more properly, British South-West Africa—and he was most cheerily optimistic regarding the future of the armoured car in modern war. The story I gathered is not so much one of tactical or fighting value—though the cars appear to have fully justified themselves from these points of view—but of what the modern car will do in the way of standing up to rough travelling under the worst conditions.

I managed to persuade my officer friend to jot down some notes for me. He tells me: "We landed at Walfisch Bay with twelve armoured cars, all Rolls-Royce, and our proper quota of transport cars and motor-cycles.

An Unpromising Country. "Anything more unpromising from the motorist's point of view you could hardly

imagine. The Egyptian desert is a mere circumstance to the sands of Walfisch. The lightest of touring cars could not run in this appalling desert, let alone armoured cars weighing over four tons. We really thought we were going to be an absolute 'wash-out,' but the assurances we had of good roads and magnificent going a few miles in from the coast seemed to promise great things for the future, so we landed our cars and prepared to get on with the good work. We railed them all up for the first forty miles, where we were told the good going commenced. It didn't, though, and, as a matter of fact, although we ultimately reached Kalkfeldt, which is some three hundred miles from the coast, we never found the good going at all. On the contrary, if any of us had been taken over the country previously, we should have said without hesitation that no cars could possibly traverse this awful waterless desert, utterly devoid of roads, and for the most part thickly covered with bush

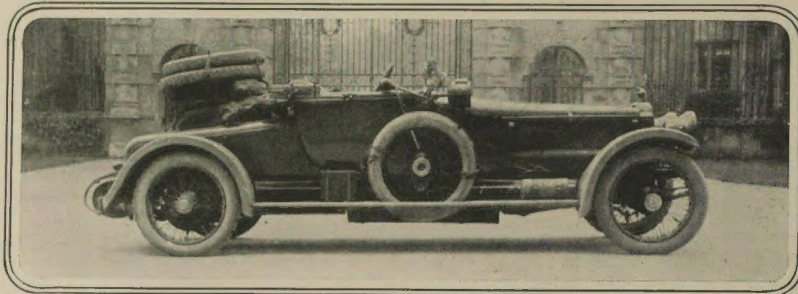
and scrub, and inhabited principally by scorpions and flies. You can judge of the 'roads' of this engaging country when I tell you that on many occasions when getting through 'sluits,' the angle of descent and



IN ARCADIA: A POPULAR REVUE ARTISTE.

Miss Gladys Hudley with her 1915 Bedford-Buick 15-18-h.p. Arcadian Cabriolet.

ascend was so steep that the front dumb-irons of the leading car actually dug themselves into the farther bank.



A CAR WITH A BIG RECORD: A HANDSOME DAIMLER.

The Daimler car illustrated in the above photograph has covered during the past eight months just over 16,000 miles in the hands of its owner-driver. It is further interesting to know that the majority of the mileage covered was in the country's interests.

Helps to Easy Progress.

"The sand was our worst enemy, but we soon found ways and means of minimising the consequent delays of the constantly recurring 'drifts.' All our cars had twin wheels at the rear, and we carried on each four eight-

foot lengths of angle-iron, each with a short length of wire rope and a toggle spliced into its end. These angle-irons were laid down in the sand to form a track for the twin wheels, and, as the wheels left each length, it was dragged out of the sand and dropped in the track again. By this means we were able to traverse river-beds that would otherwise have been quite impassable to cars of our weight, and to attain to a rapidity of movement which enabled us to more than keep pace with the mounted troops of General Botha's invading army. Where the sand was not, we had to tackle either thick thorn-bush country or open veldt strewn with boulders. A more appalling country for cars you could scarcely imagine.

"How did the cars stand it all? Well, we were exactly three months at work, on no single day of which were all the cars idle. Always one or more, often the whole squadron, were out on patrol or reconnaissance work involving a run of perhaps twenty miles or so—nothing at all on English roads, but something of an undertaking in a country like South-West Africa. And not a single one of the armoured cars ever gave an instant's trouble. They always were ready to start at a moment's notice, and they always carried out their job and came back when they were expected. Of course, it meant a lot of careful attention—it could not have been done without—but there is the outstanding fact for you, that for three months we kept the whole of our twelve armoured cars going without a mechanical breakdown. It's no use attempting to tell you of the extraordinary stresses to which these cars were subjected, because, even if it were possible to tell you, you'd never believe me. How did other cars stand

up? Well, some of the light American cars did pretty well, but you could have made a good deal of money if you could have followed the advance, particularly of the force that worked up through Riet and Jakals-water, and picked up the derelicts. As a matter of cold fact, the only cars that really did stand up to the fearfully trying work were our armoured. Apart from anything in the way of useful work that we were able to do, I would not have missed the experience, if only for the sake of the wonderful demonstration we were afforded of where motor-cars can be made to go when they are put to it. After our experience I don't believe there is anything the modern car cannot do, or anywhere it can't go, so long as there is solid ground of some sort under its wheels.

"As to our military use, that is another story. We certainly did justify our existence—that is a matter of record—and if it will interest you, I can tell you more about that side of the show another time." W. W.

A World-Success

NOT alone in this country, but in the far corners of the earth, Mellin's Food is building sturdy manhood and womanhood, and is daily winning new praise and gratitude.

"My son is as strong again as most children. He has been fed exclusively on Mellin's Food."—Mrs. Armstrong, Gt. Western Street, Manchester.

"Mellin's has been my boy's salvation."—Mrs. Pountney, 8, Lichfield Road, Stourport.

"We were afraid our boy would never be reared; but we tried Mellin's Food, and rapid improvement took place, and at 6 months he is a fine healthy child."—J. May, Balham, S.W.

"I believe that Mellin's Food saved my baby's life."—Mrs. L. Wells, Vacoas, Mauritius.

FREE

SO that every mother may satisfy herself of the value of Mellin's Food, we will send a Sample Bottle Free on receipt of name and address, and with it we will send a dainty and authoritative Book on "How to Feed the Baby." Write now.



If ever there was a need—

IF ever there was a need that the health of Britain's Babies should be more than usually safeguarded—if ever there was a call for solicitude and wisdom in their rearing, that need and call are vitally insistent now.

More than ever is Mellin's Food—the Fresh Milk Food—a National Asset, for, next to Mother's Milk itself, Mellin's Food with fresh cow's milk is the safest, surest upbuilder of Baby's mind and muscle, that can possibly be offered. Its splendid record amply proves it. The superiority of fresh milk over any form of dried or sterilised milk cannot be over-emphasised.

Read these Statements, made to The President of The Local Government Board, January, 1907:

Sir Lauder Brunton,
M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P.

"There was a consensus of opinion that, in the long run, sterilised milk was injurious to children, although at first it might seem to do them good."

Dr. Mayo Robson,
C.V.O., D.Sc., F.R.C.S.

"Sterilisation destroys the nutritive value of milk."

Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart.,
K.C.V.O., D.Sc., M.D., LL.D.

"Certain maladies were introduced by sterilisation. It was well known that children fed upon sterilised milk developed scurvy and rickets."

50 Years' Proof

MELLIN'S FOOD is no untested or experimental product, but a preparation with a 50 years' record of success, endorsed by countless mothers, nurses, and physicians in an almost infinite variety of cases.

"Our girl was a skeleton at 3 months; doctor said she could not live another month. We gave her Mellin's Food, and here she is now."—Mrs. J. Latimer, 5, Queen's Avenue, North Sydney.

"The improvement in my two-year-old daughter after a short course of Mellin's Food has been marvellous."—Mrs. A. Goalen, 40, Quinton Avenue, Merton Park, Wimbledon.

"From birth to 3 months we expected our boy would not live. Thanks to Mellin's he is now a picture of health, and enormous for his age."—Mrs. Hain, Narrandera, N.S.W.

From a Doctor's Letter:
"I PRESCRIBE Mellin's Food largely and find that made up with fresh cow's milk it is far superior to foods mixed with water only."
Original shown on request.

Mellin's Food

You cannot, *must not* take risks! Fresh milk modified with Mellin's Food will bring your baby happily through the labyrinth of infantile dangers to the threshold of manhood, virile, strong—a pride to you, a joy to himself, a credit to the Country, who, more than ever now, has need of him.

ADDRESS: SAMPLE DEPARTMENT, MELLIN'S FOOD, LIMITED, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

PRUDENCE

is the element which experience releases—the practical wisdom gathered from the great motoring highways, for instance.



"Safety—first"

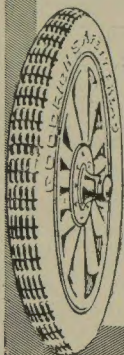
The Goodrich Co. have embodied the fruits of this experience in their Safety Tread Tyre—the tyre that provides the largest amount of safety per inch, that grips with uncanny intelligence, and that carries the driver's will past all opposition.

Help forward this important "safety-first" movement by writing for a copy of the Goodrich Catalogue.

GOODRICH
Safety
Tread
TYRES

Best in the long run!

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., Ltd., 117-123, GOLDEN LANE, E.C.



DUNLOP CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WAR—EXPORTS.

BARTER AND EXCHANGE.

Owing to exceptional circumstances, the country's imports are enormous. It is most desirable that the volume of exports be maintained in order to pay for the imports and reduce British indebtedness, for modern commerce, stripped of its externals, is only another form of Barter and Exchange,

Dunlop trade is world wide, and is helping to support the country.

ARE YOU BUYING
DUNLOP TYRES?

DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LD.,

Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry throughout the World,

Aston Cross, Birmingham.

LONDON: 14, Regent St., S.W.;

PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

Trade Mark.



THE ROUGHEST CHANNEL ATLANTIC or other CROSSING

may be made in absolute comfort.
MOTHERSILL'S will PREVENT
and CURE SEA and TRAIN
SICKNESS, or money refunded.

Testified by Royalty, Nobility, Clergy, Army,
&c. Analysed by Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B.,
M.D., Pres. Soc. Public Analysts.

Mothersill Remedy Co., 19, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

BRIGHTON RAILWAY

The South Coast Watering Places

—WITH THEIR ADJACENT—
MAGNIFICENT DOWNS

OFFER AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE
FOR THE CONTINENTAL RESORTS
AND PROVIDE ENTERTAINMENTS
—SUITED TO ALL TASTES—
Revitalising air, bright skies, sparkling
seas and social joys abundant.

WEEK-DAY TRAINS
TO
BRIGHTON
HOVE
WORTHING

LEWES
SEAFOORD
EASTBOURNE
BEXHILL
ST. LEONARDS
HASTINGS

LITTLEHAMPTON
BOGNOR
PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHSEA
ISLE OF WIGHT

Details of Supt. of Line, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge

To Brighton from Victoria 9.0, 10.5,
11.0, 11.40 a.m., 1.0 (Sats.), 1.55, 3.10,
3.40, 4.20, 5.35, 6.45, 7.15, 8.35, 9.55 p.m.
and 10.25 midnit.; from London
Bridge 9.7, 9.50, 10.30, 11.50 a.m.,
1.20 (Sats.), 2.40, 4.0, 5.0, 6.0, 7.20, 9.55
and 10.30 p.m.

Trains leave Victoria at 9.0, 10.0,
11.15, 12.55 a.m., 8.0 (Sats.), 7.25,
3.20, 4.30, 5.20, 5.45 (not Sats.), 6.45,
7.45 and 9.55 p.m.; London Bridge
9.50 a.m., 12.0 noon, 1.15, 2.0, 4.5, 5.5,
6.30 (not Sats.), 7.0, 7.30 and 9.55 p.m.
Not to Seaford.
Leaves Seaford and Eastbourne.
Not to Lewes or Seaford.
To Lewes and Eastbourne only.

Trains leave Victoria 8.20, 10.20,
11.35 a.m., 2.25, 3.55, 4.55, and 7.50
p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.35
a.m., 4.50, 4.50 and 7.45 p.m.
Not to Isle of Wight.



HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

the surest, quickest remedy
for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds
and Asthmatic troubles.
The standard remedy for
over 40 years.

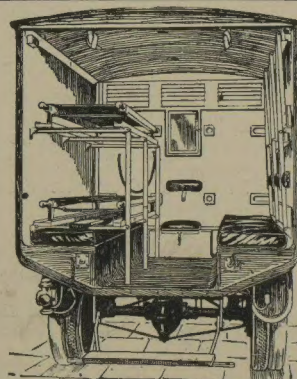
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.



ALL BRITISH
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD. COVENTRY.

DR. ROBERTS' POORMAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT

The Oldest Proprietary HEALING OINTMENT
FOR ALL WOUNDS AND CHRONIC
SKIN DISEASES. An Ideal Toilet Cream.
Of all Chemists, 1/12, 2/6, 4/6; or post free for stamps
from BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd., Bridport, Dorset, England.



General Motors (Europe) Ltd.
136, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone: Gerrard 9500 (3 Lines). Telegrams: "Buickgen London."

RESEARCHES,

English and Foreign, by
LEO CULLETON
(Member of English and Continental
Research Societies)

Historical, Genealogical, Heraldic, Literary,
Topographical and other Researches.

CORRESPONDENCE IN ALL LANGUAGES.
92, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Do not let Grey Hairs
appear.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its
original colour, where the glands are
not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and
the Hair from coming out. Restores
and Strengthens the Hair.

IS NOT A DYE.
Sold Everywhere.

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery,
and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Cansisters
at 2d., 6d., & 1s. by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

BEWARE OF UMBRELLAS MADE ON GERMAN FRAMES.

WHEN YOU BUY

AN UMBRELLA

INSIST ON HAVING A

FOX'S FRAME

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.

Look for these Marks

SFOX & CO. LIMITED PARAGON

on the Frame.

The Frame is the Vital Part

PURCHASE
BRITISH
GOODS AND
REFUSE ALL
SUBSTITUTES



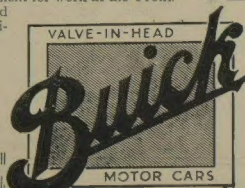
AN attractive Shirt in
Ivory Crêpe - de-
Chine with tiny tucks each
side of front, pearl but-
tons, high neck, pleated
collar at back, in all sizes.

Price 25/6

Illustrated List Post Free.

**Robinson
& Cleaver**

The Linen Hall,
Regent Street, London, W.



CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

H DAVIS (Ilford).—It would be quite impossible in our limited space to give you the information you desire, but we have little doubt that, if you write to the Secretary of the City of London Chess Club, he will be glad to help you with the necessary advice. Address, Hon. Secretary, 7, Grocers' Hall Court, Poultry, E.C.

H M P (Exeter).—There seems little doubt you are correct, and your conjecture is a very feasible one.

W K SUMP (Philippine Islands).—Your solution is correct. You have been misinformed if you have been led to think we give prizes for such simple efforts.

CORPORAL J JACKSON (Gainswood Hall Hospital).—Quite correct, and we are glad to learn the effort to find it gave you so much enjoyment.

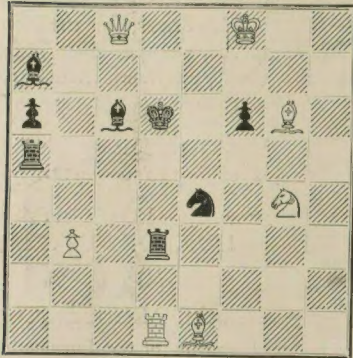
E V BURNELL (Huddersfield).—Your amended problem has reached us, and we will give the diagram further consideration.

CHARLES WILLING (Atlantic City). Your last to hand, with many thanks.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3711.—By HEReward.

WHITE BLACK
1. K to R 6th P takes P
2. R to Kt 5th, and mates next move

PROBLEM No. 3714.—By R. C. DURELL.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3670 received from W K Sump (Slovenburg, Philippine Islands); of No. 3698 from J P Wirasinha (Cotta, Ceylon); of No. 3701 from H H Willmore (H.M.S. Hardy); of No. 3708 from P F Staumou (Kolar Gold Field, South India); of No. 3709 from J Murray (Quebec), J W Beaty (Toronto), and A F P (Crediton); of

No. 3710 from A V Markwell (Cavalla, Macedonia), J W Beaty, and J Murray; of No. 3711 from T Tisley, J Cifuentes, (Trubia), C Barretto (Madrid), D Ancona (Alexandria), H P Cole (Tunbridge Wells), J B Camara (Madeira), J W Beaty, A V Markwell, and H J B Headlay (Guelph, Canada); of No. 3712 from T T Gurney (Cambridge), T Tisley, Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), Jacob Verrall (Rodenell), Camille Genoud (Weston-super-Mare), F G Overton (Sutton Coldfield), J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven), and H P Cole.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3713 received from E J Winter Wood (Puliton), H M Pridaux (Exeter), R Worters (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bath), J S Forbes (Brighton), M E Onslow (Bournemouth), R C Durell (South Woodford), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), Blair H Cochrane (Harting), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), T T Gurney, J J Dennis (Gosport), Dr. Higgison (Winchmore Hill), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), A Rose (St. Stephen's Club), L Chomé la Roque, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Corporal Jackson (Ashton), F Smart, and G F Anderson (Brixton).

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE

Game played in the Trophies Tourney of the British Correspondence Chess Association, between Messrs BAKER and HAMOND.

(Staunton's Opening.)

WHITE (Rev. F. E. H.)	BLACK (Rev. A. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th
Kt to B 3rd provides a simpler and less complicated defence.	
4. Q to R 4th	P to B 3rd
5. B to Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd
6. P takes P	Q takes P
7. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd
8. B to K 3rd	P takes P
9. P takes P	Kt to K 4th

If this is Black's best reply, the line of P to Q 4th and 4. P to B 3rd will have to be abandoned in future. We think, however, that Kt to B 4th is the correct answer.

10. Kt to B 3rd Kt takes Kt (ch)
11. P takes Kt Q to K B 4th
12. Castles Q R P to Q R 3rd

Why not P to B 3rd? The text move merely gives White time for further development, whilst the other

WHITE
(Rev. F. E. H.)
at least forces his play. There is no urgent necessity for Black to Castle on the Queen's side.

13. P to Q 5th Castles Q R
14. B takes B (ch)

The positions sufficiently indicate what the result must be, and White makes a masterly use of his advantage.

WHITE (Rev. F. E. H.)	BLACK (Rev. A. B.)
15. P to Q 6th	P takes P
16. P to Kt 4th	K to Kt sq
17. K to Kt 2nd	Kt to B sq
18. P to Kt 5th	P takes P
19. Kt takes P	P to Q Kt 3rd
20. Kt to Q 4th	Q to R 6th
21. R to Q B sq	B to K 2nd
22. Kt to B 6 (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
23. B takes P	

A pretty sacrifice to wind up a well-won game.

WHITE (Rev. F. E. H.)	BLACK (Rev. A. B.)
24. Q to Kt 4 (ch)	K to R 3rd
25. R to B 3rd	Resigns

In our issue of Aug. 28, in referring to the portrait of Major Collins in our group of the East Lancashire Regiment, we described him as a prisoner. We have since been informed that he was very badly wounded, and, after many hours of suffering, got into a church used as a hospital, when the Germans came up and made all the wounded prisoners.



"YPRES, 1915."

In response to inquiries from readers, we have prepared a limited number of real photographs of the unique picture of "Ypres, 1915," published in our issue of Aug. 28. The prints are 20 in. by 13 in., on stiff mount, and may be obtained, price 7s. 6d. each, plus 6d. inland postage, by applying to "L.S.P.," Illustrated London News, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A NEW NOVEL.

"The Great Unrest."

The unrest in Mr. Mills Young's study of a young man is not as great as the title would lead us to expect, being no more than the development naturally to be expected of a person of such unsatisfactory antecedents. The marvel is that "Dam" turned out as well as he did. His father was a baronet of mediocre brain, who muddled away his patrimony in disastrous speculation, and his mother was a barmaid who had been made "an honest woman" in a moment of generous impulse. From this unpromising pair sprang Dam, who was duly birched (presumably at Eton), cast out by his father, and schooled by vicissitude in a London lodging. He dangled after several young women, and went to South Africa, where he narrowly escaped pistols for two in an irate husband's drawing-room. We are meant to believe, however, that Dam was really not such a bad fellow, and we are clearly expected to approve when he returns, marries the golden-haired comrade of his youth, and, dying in a Flanders trench, leaves a posthumous son to carry on the breed. "The Great Unrest" (The Bodley Head) has a curious flatness about it. Almost we are tempted to suspect that the author is not much interested in Dam's progress; and that the work has been written, not because it insisted upon being written, but because the time had come for Mr. Mills Young to produce another novel. The vigour of ardent youth, the one thing that should surely have manifested itself in Dam's short history, entirely fails to reach the reader.

Appetizing meals in the Trenches

Your soldier friends will appreciate the gift of a few bottles of Lea & Perrins' Sauce to use with their War Rations. It makes Bully Beef appetizing, and when mixed with jam is an excellent substitute for chutney. Messrs. Lea & Perrins will send One Dozen Special Bottles (half ordinary size)

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

(the original and genuine Worcestershire) securely packed direct to any member of the Expeditionary Force on the Western Front, Carriage Paid, for 5s.

The case will be forwarded immediately on receipt of postal order with full name and regimental address of intended recipient.

LEA & PERRINS, 32, Midland Rd., WORCESTER.

Carriage Paid direct to the Western Front for **5/-**

WHY

Why on earth do you not take precautionary measures? It should always be remembered that what appear comparatively minor ailments have an awkward and unexpected way of developing into very grave troubles. Such derangements ought not to be neglected, or conditions very dangerous to health may be set up. Be warned therefore in time and act as thousands of wise people do—take

BEECHAM'S PILLS